

Gay impact
on culture

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

Maclean's

FEBRUARY 18, 1980

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Cruising Lure of the Love Boats





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans

FEBRUARY 18, 1980

VOL. 93 NO. 7

All over but the voting

Across Canada voters came to life and crowd election results in the campaign's penultimate week — perhaps an exercise in truth-seeking after a bout of ad-busting. **Page 22**

Balkan power play

As the Balkans recover from the shock of President Tito's illness, the big powers are seeking to turn the uncertainty in the region to their own advantage. **Page 30**

COVER STORY

Cruising

Infected by the Love Boat Syndrome, afflicted by reports of sickness on the high seas and an escape from reality, thousands who returning to the seductive fun of cruising. As a result, the big boats are coming out of mothballs. But while ships are back in and cruises are the best dollar-for-dollar vacation package, some cruisers are finding the promise of fun is sometimes unreal. **Page 18**

That old white magic

In a society that's still afraid of the dark, it's hard to explain the magic, not the occultists' spiced track ball, somehow "white" witchcraft is alive and healing. **Page 48**

Gay impact

From demons to a mode in one fell swoop, the culture of North America's homosexual society has become a major influence on mainstream styles and values. **Page 61**



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Skip the feckless leaders— vote for your own backyard

By Peter C. Newman

Seldom at this late date in any Canadian campaign have the old-line party leaders achieved so little toward illuminating the great issues of the day. Few of the vital questions on which the Canadian future hinges are being answered, or even debated.

Instead, this election has taken on some of the aspects of an early Shakespearean play, with its two main players revealing more and more about themselves as the drama unfolds.

Pierre Trudeau's leniently campaigning has confirmed him in the public mind as a curiously disengaged politician who cannot be brought to bay by the exigencies of the moment. His stand-offish attitude and pithole eyes project a personal detachment so profound that it allows him to move through shifting realities without belonging to any but his own. At no point has passion clamored up to reveal any sense of commitment to his country or his cause.

Should the Liberals win on Feb. 18, Pierre Trudeau's somnolent mood would find him not so much governing Canada as presiding apathetically over its survival. It's a good thing that, if elected, he has promised to *rest*.

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The most fickle electorate

By Thomas Hopkins

National federal campaign chairman start popping Maikou with their Bullwinkle's as soon as the green facelifts of the Rockies pass under their wing tips. For the eastern fiends and the advance men, conducting a campaign in British Columbia is a nightmare that doesn't end and doesn't rest. During their Maritime sojourns, B.C. voters not only don't vote like their dads, they don't vote like themselves from election to election. The Liberals were killed for 30 seats in 1988 and managed only one last May.

The Tories were reduced to seven and six seats in the bank of Trudeausians in 1986 and again the NDP, with its perennial provincial party base, plummeted rudely from 11 seats to two between 1972 and 1974 B.C., right the back-room boys, don't let them. Cranky, political and (aside from the most unscrupulous) with the hard discipline of provincial party affiliation, the B.C. electorate can be a hard mistress. In the fading days of the current race it is becoming clear once again that the luck of B.C.'s swing ridings may determine the fate of a Liberal or Tory minority. The odd strands of campaign benches have not been touched by recent B.C. polls taken the same week showing—take your pick—the Liberals leading with 39.2 per cent (1987) or the Liberals trailing with 25 per cent (1991). (In each the size was a comfortable second.)

With 26 seats available (May standings: Tory 18, NDP 8, Liberal 1), wacky polls and hair-trigger volatility, no one is willing to kiss off his pay packet by wagering on final results. The Liberals expect to gain, as do the New Democrats, both at the expense of the Tories. The western question is a heated campaign back room, however, in the extent of the Conservative erosion. Clearly it is not on the order of southern Ontario, the eastern media-driven "wing factor" seems disputed in the this side of the Rockies. B.C. Tories hope plus minus, even in quicksand B.C., will maintain their strength—a robust 44-per-cent popular vote in May and at least 15 ridings that are presently Conservative-held.

The NDP, for its part, is running the Bagnards of campaign under the wireless technology of campaign manager Yvonne Coker. Avoiding many start-up stations by dint of never separating the federal election apparatus from the purring provincial machine, the NDP believes gains in the two Kootenay ridings and Courtenay-Island-The Islands—all at the expense of the Tories. To the party B.C. is home ground, the rock that supports the largest provincial caucus and the highest provincial vote.

It is the laser-like rebirth of the B.C. Liberals, however, that has become the campaign's single most startling

development. Shaken in May (registering 35 per cent of the popular vote, the lowest in more than 20 years), they were punch-drunk and staggering at the time of the legendary Trudeau discomfit of last fall. After the election call, however, came the marshalling of the same Liberal discipline that has caused generations of Tories to rue for the last. The Liberal Ontario team was now-tested into giving decision-making concessions to western Liberals. The goodies were enough to draw back several aging bright young things and send party members dashing about like

players in a Mickey Rooney/Gladys Garland musical. Whether this enthusiasm will be turned into Liberal seats or will split the vote, opening the way for some NDP victories, is a total unknown. The Liberal westerners are hampered by silly Liberal national policies such as double tracking the cut through the Fraser Canyon (a task akin to leading the Aswan Dam) and a leader who chooses to be the political equivalent of the invisible man.

But if the extent of the Tory erosion is the first question in B.C. political conversations, there is another that is put by Conservative and NDP organizers, well into their second "What? What?" they moan, "Is happening in Ontario?" Front-line travellers from beyond the blue hills speak of "western dread." The sure, hollow fear of diminution lost economic power being drained to the West, and supremacy spirited away by potato-faced ranchers and cybernetic weekend sailors, for God's sake. Joe Clark, fingered by a semi-hysterical eastern press as the symbolic ringleader, travellers report, is getting beat up as a result.

It's a theory universally used by westerners to decipher the impenetrable pulse and the eastern flight from the Tories. To many Conservative and NDP loyalists for whom the West has always been home, there is bitterness that the eastern regime of industrial Ontario, for years the oppressor, has paraded and taken so easily to the soulless beat of the Trudeau Liberals.

While there is no doubt that the economic shift has begun, westerners recognize that the shift in power is still illusory, and that political clout remains bunkered down in a fortress at King and Bay in Toronto. The troubled growth-crisis of a changing order are heard in the complaints of one senior B.C. Tory. Contemplating a Trudeau return to power and neatly forgetting income taxes and Jerusalem, he snags, "If we lose it will be for only one reason—that the people of Ontario have become self-centred, stupid and scared."

Thomas Hopkins is Morrison's bureau chief in British Columbia.

CARS PEOPLE SWEAR BY. NOT AT.



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Civil liberties: our peculiar silence

By Jack Ludwig

The new decade breaks dramatically on us with a cruel election to unfold February. We confront a massive economic crisis, an equally massive energy crisis, our ongoing unity crisis. But no party will or will not be elected because of its stand on civil liberties and individual rights. Politicians don't consider freedom a bread-and-butter issue. Yet such basic freedoms as the 1960s and '70s, and you must include civil liberties among our "crisis" categories. It took only one cry of "the country is in danger" for Canadians to accept the overwhelming casualties imposed by the War Measures Act. Those were clearly the worst of times, but a country's commitment to freedom is tested only in the worst of times.

Now Mr. Clark, who, we're afraid, has always done his best, religiously intones "the private sector" as the winning plan for all crisis and problems, and Mr. Trudeau, who had once fought passed above his retirement, tearful, then jogged bravely into the lists, is back at his old stand, charming. Mr. Broadbent can't shake the sinister worried look that tells voters even good news is bad news. Social Credit party leaders play on in their version of musical chairs—where the music stops, all seats may already be occupied. In short, this is a normal Canadian election. More's the pity. Civil liberties demand our national attention.

As a child I was taught that the British sense of fair play and justice was a powerful heritage guaranteeing Canada's perpetual democratic health and strength. The mythology was pleasing, if vague, perhaps part of our ill-fated Canadian dream that the associated life is indeed worth living. But heritages don't guarantee a citizen's right to know what his government is doing, nor admired Canadian way of life does not force a prime minister to respond factually to Opposition questioning, neither our flag nor our beloved anthem guarantees a citizen's right to privacy, to singularity, even occasionally. Specific laws and specific parliamentary procedures do that. Prioritizing "we, we, we, in matters of civil liberties, not quite a token, perhaps more a plantation. The prime minister, be he Mr. King, Mr. Trudeau, Mr. Clark, has always meant to do right by us—as it is our guarantee of freedom. But in civil liberties only one word prevails: trust your leaders but make sure you cut the cords.

Living as close to the American Constitution and its spilled-out Bill of Rights has done nothing for us. In fact, it's those mass Americans who, during the Watergate hearings and trials, revealed how little we had in the way of laws and procedures to deal with official wrongdoing. Our response to the obvious cover-up of RCMP involvement in such interrogation and break-ins, and to the Social Credit "dirty tricks" campaign in B.C., contrasts sharply with the American Watergate grand jury actions, the indictments,

the subsequent trials, the punishment of powerful government officials and aides. The follow-up to the RCMP trial interrogations was an extraordinary suggestion that all other police forces be given the same privilege, though, at this point, nobody has argued for landfills, cover-ups and flag-wrapped snitches to be allowed to open mail at will.

Quite honestly, is RC the party involved in the "dirty tricks" was also in control of investigation and possible prosecution. The United States' grand jury, Richard Nixon, was threatened out of office only because he could not control all avenues of investigation and prosecution. He could not manage a Senate subcommittee's hearings on the Watergate break-in, though he tried hard; he could not influence imprisoned grand jurors and their power to subpoena witnesses and records, though he was dying to; he could not stop the courts from granting witnesses immunity, or protection against harm, which meant they soon began talking.

I must stress that this was not the triumph of the American way of the law and certain procedures work. We have in Canada have few such laws and no procedures to circumvent a prime minister who nonetheless refuses to answer questions put to him by the Opposition, his own party back-benchers, the press, the public. And let's recall certain crimes we know more about the RCMP actions through our researchers using American law to get hold of key U.S.-American documents.

All of us must try to make the 1980s the decade of a new consciousness in civil liberties. That means, first, ending ourselves of that unexamined acceptance of authority which implies "Oh, yes, please, since I am innocent and since only the society laws structure is fair from students to doctors, my soul, do break into my house, or tap my telephone, or search my car and my person." Give police enough power and the innocent will soon be found guilty.

Let those who break the law be prosecuted—whether they swing low or climbed places. Let those who are not being charged with breaking the law free of coercion by either, by other police, by exceptional pressure to conform. Light, not darkness, is needed for the '80s. Openness, not cover-up, is needed for the new decade. And let us by all means make sure that Canadian individuality, singularity, sensitivity and nonconformity thrive.

Journalist and prize-winning author, Jack Ludwig has taught English for many years at the State University of New York.



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Profile

The mystery behind the umpteen masks

By Lawrence O'Toole

No other actor since Brando has created such a schism within the critical establishment as Richard Gere has. Following a press screening of *American Gigolo* in New York recently, the two new side sets set up camp. Blood-ies begin, continually interrupted by a hail of paeany, one faction claiming that Gere is just another pretty face who mistakes his own moxie for acting, the others worshipping passionately that he's the finest actor of his generation, gifted with an exquisite technique which pulls you into a character the way other actors can't. Conversation becomes a hilarious thing:

"He's too pretty to be talented," said one critic.

"Yeah, he's pretty talented," countered another.

"His muscles are all below his head."

"Jeez!"

"Go to hell!"

The word is out, you either love or you hate. These days, you are what you think of Richard Gere.

And who, might the general public who haven't seen him in *American Gigolo* ask, is Richard Gere? As screen debutant on first meeting two previous hit parts, Gere's was curiously different, having picked up Diane Keaton looking for Mr. Goodbar, he did a frenetic dance look at her apartment wearing a jock-

Gere: a mystique as old as Dostoev

strap and wielding a lewison switchblade. And since then Gere has embodied the art of being different: a sensitive member of a hard-luck family acting to get out in *Bloodbrothers*; a restless migrant worker in *Days of Heaven*; a GI who wants to do the right thing by his English girlfriend in *Private and New*; *Julian Kay*, the high-class hustler with a heart in *American Gigolo*. Currently on Broadway in *Next*, he portrays a homosexual trying to pass himself off as a Jew in Dinkles, because Jews are treated better than "queers." The coarseness of a major man and a Broadway success of an actor are an old stereotype a star is born.

Gere's reputation as an actor with a difference, among detractors and champions alike, is supported only by his public profile. How eager for a new, young star to boast, because Roberto Brufoni and De Niro won't do interviews anyway, the press lured him to the hit after *Goodbar*. In *celebrity-conscious* North America at the time this seemed reasonable, and even necessary, that Gere *deserve*, saying he would never talk about his personal life or the process of acting. "Whatever I tell you about myself will be absolute tomorrow," is his credo. The press persisted. One woman interviewer accosted up the gall to ask, if he were gay. Gere, in response to her question and with not a small sense of self-protection, stood up, unlocked his belt and dropped his pants.

What Gere has achieved is a mystique as old as Marlene Dietrich. "So what if I like this color, if I eat this, if my girl friend is that? If you give people that information, they will jump at it. But if you don't give them the information, they just might start to look you in the eye. If they become becoming a fur when remembering this. Look you in the eye is precisely what Richard Gere does, with a wide and intimidating smile that says, "Engage me."

"Richard," says his publicist Peggy Siegel, "is well, you know, different. He's very bright and dedicated. You can never get any tricks past him." On his own time he was 18, from a suburban family in upstate New York ("sweet, honest, straight, churchgoing people"), he was a philosophy major in college and, though he dropped out, he still bears the imprint. He has functioned as an extravagant dabbler for money, collecting unemployment insurance until he made Yoko. Though he once had a home in Greenwich Village—a renovated warehouse—and currently rents an apartment, he has always adored an somewhere-in-the-city-but-outside His dabbles for money has led him into another area, commercial music. "Movies are bourgeois—a very danger-

ous medium." Up front he admits the only reason for making commercial movies is to make the money to do the projects he really wants to do. Now, at 38, he already has the luxury of demanding script changes, and the blood-ies are at his door with shots between their teeth.

Gere's taste ran against the grain, including the new wave of German filmmakers such as Rainer Werner Fassbinder and Werner Herzog. Herzog is "a genius" who has "tapped something in the subconscious," he matters in that selfless manner. Gere wants to make his own film on the artistic order of Herzog's neo-noir novel *Agony in the Flesh of God*. There are already plans to film *Reel* in Germany next winter, with Fassbinder directing. Another deal—and from—is Robert Wilson, the author of the avant-garde theater-opera, *Gladiators on the Beach*. They are talking about a new project for Paris next year in the same vein called *Edison*. For someone who has been pushed as a successor to De Niro, Pacino and Travolta (he doesn't have a drop of Italian blood, it's mostly English) and a volatile mature idol, he's keeping things company.

American Gigolo, which is essentially a commercial art movie, gets his stamp of approval. "I like Julian very much," he says, referring to the compassionate hustler he plays. "We all want to be

Gere with Laurie Haddock in *American Gigolo*: script changes and blood-ies



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Gene and Swicord in 'Looking for Mr. Goodbar'—movies are a dangerous medium

...ed "When asked what he thought of people using the famous four-star word in the movie as a substitute for 'making love,' and what this says about our culture, his reply is instant, amused and firm: 'There's no reason why you can't be affectionate and f--- at the same time.' And then, absorbed with the idea of the character of Julian Kay who does well in the world but feels empty, he says, almost absently, 'I know emotionally where he's coming from, where his yearning, where his pain.' He continues to chain-smoke. 'Most of my friends have been gay for a long time. Besides, it isn't a gay play. What is going down in it applies to both straights and gays.' In *Best*, Gene is all over the stage, sometimes loudly, often brilliantly. On the stage you don't think you're with the moment. It's linear, like a film. On film you are dissecting reality, screwing around with time, whereas on stage you go right down the line with it. There's a texture to a live performance that is far beyond thought." And though his energy and effort is obviously evident in *Best*, particularly in the now famous scene where he and another actor reach orgasm by verbal suggestion and without touching, the self-absorbed, keep-fire reaction still runs subterranean in him. There's an element of the hidden live wire in him that keeps an audience spellbound.

Wynn Handman, director of the American Place Theatre in Manhattan, with whom Gene has worked, has called

Gene "a devoted actor and an adventurous one. He goes very deeply into character. He was spectacularly good in a long monologue. While stripped in an electric chair, he had to hold the audience with just his facial expressions and the rhythmic cadence of the language." And to keep himself from being more than just another of Broadway's boys, he always keeps a beat behind, or even ahead. Despite his comparison to Brando, De Niro, James Dean, Moust-

Gene in 'Days of Heaven'—debate for money



gomery Clift and others, it's those bones of his, not just a lifeline, that set him apart. They also get him into trouble.

The trouble with Gene is that he is so handsome. (Not everyone agrees. Stanley Kauffman, reviewing *Best* in *Saturday Review*, termed Gene "rubbery, like his acting.") Mix that with his reputation for being uncooperative and distant, and you've got prima donna etched in the minds of many. For some there is also a contradiction to contend with. Gene persona, pet has a high social status, usually seen with something right out of Vogue on his arm, as at last fall's New York Film Festival. What Gene may well have cultivated is something that could be called "anti-celebrity" which, of course, is a form of celebrity itself. He has come some distance from playing Santa Claus in the second grade.

Gene's publicist says that her agency has decided, for publicity purposes, that Gene is "not moody, just shy." Gene, with his head anxiously crapped for *Best* and wearing clothes that would warm the cockles of the Salvation Army's heart, looks invariably into space the way only 704 practitioners and sizes seem to be able to do.

Is it true that anything he says now will be obsolete tomorrow? Richard Gere gives his most generous grin, and his eyes light up as if to say, "You said it, mister."

Unpopular like a true anti-celebrity. ☐

Tomorrow

Pruning family trees

The population bomb continues to tick—or so the metaphor goes among demographers, who far pains have been making serious warnings about the astronomical cost of the earth's runaway population growth. But the latest findings show that although the ticking continues, the pace of the world's rush to oversteering has slowed down. The human population reached approximately one billion around 1800, it took only 100 years to reach two billion, then 30 years to double again, by 1980, so that a population of 16 billion was projected for some time after the year 2000. When that prediction was current, the future loomed like *Apocalypse*, torn by revolutions, famine and mass starvation while food resources dwindled. Economists predicted the day, about three generations hence, when Canada would come under nuclear blackmail from desperately hungry Third World nations competing for crop surpluses.

Not long ago, demographers told us that it was too late to stop this violent explosion. But now there is evidence from more than 50 developing countries to show that the brakes have been put on runaway population growth. The World Fertility Survey—a seven-year-old effort described as history's largest social-science research project—indicates that the global population may stabilize early in the next century at about eight billion, double the present number but only half the total once predicted. The survey shows that the yearly rate of global population growth, which was 1.9 per cent in 1965, is 1.7 per cent in 1976. And in all but three of the 16 Asian and Latin American countries surveyed so far, the number of children per woman has dropped 30 to 40 per cent in a generation.

In countries like Costa Rica, Colombia, Sri Lanka and Fiji, where the average family used to have six or seven children, it now has only three or four. It's the same in South Korea, Thailand, Malaysia, Peru and the Dominican Republic. The major reason for the drop in birthrates is that improved education facilities throughout the Third World



have awakened in many young people the desire for a better standard of living, and that means fewer children. Contraceptives have become easily available and couples have tended to marry later. Also, the worldwide shift of huge populations from the countryside to the cities has reduced the impact of the traditional peasant attitude that large families are needed to help fill the

Overpopulation: years to feed the decline

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well and to provide security is the parents' old age.

But it will still take years for over-populated countries to feel the impact of the decline in family size. Dr. Piotr Piotrowski, director of the Population Investigation Program at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, points out that although family sizes have dropped, record numbers of women around the world are now entering their childbearing years. Total numbers of births are likely to continue to rise at least through the year 2000. Says Piotrowski: "The result will be a horrifying crest of population-related famine, revolutions and migrations in the next few decades. But if family size continues to decline, by the late 1990s the worst will be over."

But not all experts agree. Tarcis Vitaro, of the United Nations Fund for Population Activities, says: "The slowing down of the rate of population increase is taking place too late to eliminate the problems caused by the pressure of numbers on the available resources of our planet. Just as a heavy automobile moving fast and accelerating takes longer and more effort to stop than a smaller car, high rates of population growth in an already crowded world take more time and effort to bring under control than our wobbly thinking suggests."

But certain world population trends are matters of fact, not judgment. One such trend is that in Third World countries outside to grow, developed

Mexican slum housing is Mexico: a real and persistent threat to international order.

Western nations are shrinking. Twenty-six of the world's 33 industrialized nations have birthrates at, near or below what is considered the replacement level. If current trends continue in West Germany, which has the world's lowest birthrate—an average of less than two children per family—there could be no West Germans left by 2070. At the same time, due to the falling birthrate and rising life expectancy, the population of the industrialized world is getting much older. According to UN figures, there will be twice as many people in the 65-to-80 and the over-80 age groups in 2000 as there were in 1970. This presents its own special problems. For example, one French study suggests four times as much money will have to be taken from everyone's pay to provide for the aged.

But food remains the greatest problem. U.S. President Jimmy Carter's Commission on World Hunger has predicted a food crisis more serious than the present energy crunch. Urging the U.S. government to give more aid to developing countries and to help them improve their agricultural industries, the commission warned: "The most potentially explosive force in the world today is the frustrated desire of poor people to attain a decent standard of living. The anger, despair and alienation that result represent a real and persistent threat to international order." William Lowther

Winter Cruise
Outside, the cold Canadian wind is howling. But, inside you put the condensation in your car and hear the call of the sea. So you set sail for the garage, where you dust off the dingy and have a winter cruise. With a white sail-club over the mid-seat. Four cold lobsters, the vodka that leaves you breathless. And you chart your course carefully. Because you want the whole evening to stay ship-shape.

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THINK IT OVER.

TOYOTA



A capital offence

Please be informed of the gross error made in your article *Breaker's Gamble* (Jan 21). Vilnius, not Kaunas, is the capital of Lithuania. Kaunas (Königsberg) is a city in East Prussia and has never been the capital of Lithuania.

NAMONA CRIGALSKAS,
THE TORONTO LITHUANIAN
HOUSE YOUTH ORGANIZATION, TORONTO

I wish to congratulate Maclean's on your exceptionally fine cover story on Breaker. It was written with great insight and with a prophetic quality for the future.

R. BONDSPACE, OTTAWA

The game of the name

I was delighted to see myself quoted in your article *A Cold Wind Blows No Frost* (Jan 20). However, having briefly achieved such heights of national prominence, I was disappointed to see that my name was misspelled.

ROBERT MONTAGNE, HAMILTON, ONT.

Paved with good intentions

Amenities to Anita Lalor for her article *Medals for the Fitness Generation* (Jan 14). Speaking as a physiotherapist interested in the growing field of sports medicine, I cannot emphasize enough how important sports medicine centres and their role in preventive medicine can be. An incredible mass of people are jumping on the fitness bandwagon only to drop off because of injuries sustained through ignorance of proper conditioning and training techniques. Joggers are especially prone to various "overuse



Moscow tells with a prophetic quality

syndrome" which many physicians are now trained to recognize or treat.

JOHAN JACOBSEN, WINNIPEG

Doctor's orders

In his article *'Sleeves' Should Shorten* (Jan 21), Dr. David Suzuki said how keen he is to justice "tit-for-tat" except from the futurship of society knowledge. But why does he then continue to misappropriate such an arbitrary and offensive tag as "misogynism" when referring to the medically termed Don's Syndrome?

BRIGGS PULSIFORT, OTTAWA

Breath of a salesman

I thought Val Ross's article on smoking was very enjoyable (*Menace Group Up in Smoke*, Jan 21). I read it in *Sun's* delirious with my after-lunch cigarette. Unfortunately Val Ross left out one very important point about non-smokers, which was made by a Montreal sports columnist: non-smokers have bad breath.

CHRISTOPHER MOORE, MONTREAL

On an airplane, for instance, I would rather sit beside a smoker than a bore, a drunk, Gordon Lightfoot's guitar, a screaming kid, a weak bladder in the aisle seat, a nose picker, anyone who checks for the buff bag before he even buckles his seat belt, a terrorist... just to name a few.

PETER TAYLOR, TORONTO

I read with great interest your article on smoking habits. I personally feel that the government does not discourage smoking enough. I feel there first priority should be with our school-children, by using rigorous anti-smoking campaigns in the classroom.

R. HULL, OTTAWA

The fame of the lord

Congratulations to Anthony Whittingham for the article *Lord of the Globe* (Jan 21) concerning the take-over of *The Globe and Mail* and its follow-up newspapers by the Thomson chain. It is the first honest evaluation I have seen and, having recently moved from Charlottesville, we can attest to what happens when the only local newspapers to be shut are Thomson ones: circulation of out-of-town newspapers rises considerably. Your statement that the Thomson group "has a persistent, if perhaps unfair, reputation for sluggish, mediocre newspaper quality" is too kind in its criticism. We feel that such newspaper coverage of many national and international events leads to the intellectual atrophy of the news it serves and the intellectuals there. Hence we help the Canadian intellect if this Thomson mentality persists its new acquisitions.

DR. AND MRS. DANIEL STEINELMAN,
LONDON, ONT.

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number one.



JOHNNIE WALKER SO SMOOTH IT'S THE WORLD'S
NUMBER ONE SCOTCH



To your health . . .

Congratulations on your article by Sidney Katz, *Mosk* in the 30s (Jan. 7). However, I suspect that the 90 per cent of people suffering the common complaints listed are largely suffering from simple malnutrition brought on by our modern: chemically, refined, sterilized, dehydrated synthetic-and-sugar-laden food. I also suspect that when all professionals in the health field are required to take advanced classes in nutrition (which are not sponsored by the chemical companies) and when the first thing a doctor asks of his patients is a rundown of their regular diet, then the astronomically rising health-care costs will begin to drop correspondingly.

JENNIFER KERR,
SIPAWIC, SASK.

What a pity that Sidney Katz's article, *Mosk* in the 30s, was a rebuke of the arguments of the "doctor busters." The article presented, in my opinion, half-truths, unproven hypotheses and blatant distortions as if they were Holy Grail. For instance, Katz implied that surgeons make \$500 every time they operate. The vast majority of operations carry a fee a long way below this figure. He does not tell us how the "new doctor" is going to rid the patient of his or her abusive spouse, dictatorial boss and money worries. Any treatment of stress will only have temporary benefits without removal of the cause. With all the existing developments possible in the 90s, the readers of *Mosk*'s deserved something better than political distaste.

C.P. WALLACE, M.B. B.S.,
CALLANDER, ONT.

In his analysis of the health-care needs of the 90s Sidney Katz omitted the solution that is available now but being underused—occupational therapy. Occupational therapists are now equipped to help people to analyze the causes of stress or decreased function in their life and to help them plan and carry out active programs to enable them to solve such problems, ideally before serious stress results. Unfortunately services of occupational therapists are frequently unavailable or restricted to traditional health-care facilities where their clients are those who have already succumbed to accident or disease. I would like to argue that wider use of occupational therapists' services would reduce the impact of stress and lifestyle-related disease and trauma and subsequently reduce health-care costs.

BARBARA J. O'BRIEN,
KINGSTON, ONT.

ELECTION'80



Stephen Lewis



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with Paul Taylor and Tayler Parnaby

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ELECTION'80

CRUISING

Lure of the Love Boats

By Roy MacGregor

At noon, the mad preacher comes to Russian Square. Beyond him, over the weary Caucasians from the stacks of the Deloitte, Rosemary II and Emerald Seas ripple in the boat rising from Nassau's Prize George Wharf. Then, the tourists funnel down the gangway, hands full of One-Steps, conversations bursting with straw-bunnies for mother, T-shirts and tonight's nightclub preview, direct from the cruise-director himself, of gambling and "big boats, fat boats, thin ones, long ones, ones you blow up with bicycle pumps, even two they lower by ropes and strap up against your nose." The line is right for the mad preacher to begin his street sermon. "You can run!" he shouts their way. "But you cannot hide!"

Down the gangway comes Sharon Rayworth, young, divorced, more than 3,000 miles from the shipping department work of Gisella Pantry in Vancouver, mere steps away from the ferry of last night. With her is Susan Pike, single, warm, career-weary of cardiac arrests and the cheerfully ill. Down the gangway comes Andy Lajunen, 31, late of Granby, Quebec, emergency of Mangate, Florida, and someone who rationalizes his \$385 weekend with a simple "I deserved it." Behind Lajunen comes the object of Sharon Rayworth's fury, Guy of New Jersey and his blinking wife, Anna. His blinks with embarrassment for Guy is carrying \$800 in his pocket that may or may not belong to his boss. That money, and more, was won last night by Sharon Rayworth, playing the dollar slot machines with a recharge \$30 "just-for-laugh" from Guy. He had laughed, all right, indeed, when his wife had angrily suggested he at least join the winnings with Rayworth. Laughed and then refused.

All are headed toward air-conditioned beams and a 89 liner at Nassau, the Fort Charlotte divines, the home of the Elly fish, the Queen's Staircase. They will cross the mad preacher who now runs about under the feverish sun stuffing any red cards in the pockets of disapproving tourists. "Remember—life is short," the cards say, and then



proposed to quote the Bible, James 4:14. "It is over a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

It is being termed the Love Boat Syndrome. "I ask you, please do not mistake me for the television show," pleaded Captain Paul Korner as the Starward II sailed out of Miami. "Love Boat is shot in the studios. It is not real sailing." He forgets that cruises have not come seeking reality, only to escape from it. That the 1979-80 North American cruise season may carry two million passengers—a phenomenal 600,000 increase over last year—is due in no small part to the cloying television hit *Love Boat*, where the main ports of call fol-

low a fade-out and only the viewers come down with seaickness. "That show," says Peter Yessawich, a Florida-based tourism industry psychologist, "is the first and foremost reason for the cruise industry success." Yet many travel agents also agree that cruising—once the boring, powdered pastime of the widowed rich—is today one of the best dollar-for-dollar vacation packages available, with an average Caribbean cruise working out to around \$125 a day. At Wright's Travel Service in Vancouver, the cruise business has doubled in the past five years. At Maritime Travel in Fredericton, such bookings are up 30 per cent in the past two years, and up 35 per cent over the same period in Man-



toba's Thomson Cook's agencies. So many people phone Cook's and ask to be booked on the *Love Boat* that district manager Al Pastus joins that "every travel agent should contribute something toward the program."

So healthy is the world's \$30-billion cruising industry that The Era of the Big Ship—dead, buried and forgotten a decade ago—is now returning. The Queen Elizabeth 2, self-proclaimed "last of the great liners," will operate more days through 1980 than ever before in its 16-year history. As far as the world's largest passenger ship, the S.S. France, after having been approximately mothballed at Le Havre's Quay of the Forgotten since 1974 (at which time it



The cruising scene: love-boating, Alaska dressing, bus voyages, site-seeing, on the bridge, deck chairs. "You cannot hold!"

was losing \$20 million a year for its Stada Arabian owner) it has been sold to Norwegian Caribbean Lines. It will be reconstructed the Norway this June and, with a \$54-million face-lift, will be carrying 3,000 passengers a week through the Caribbean. Another huge luxury liner, the S.S. United States, is also coming out of storage, as in Canadian Pacific's The Princess Patricia, which had been scheduled to be scrapped. Demand for berths has become so high that some new paces, such as the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line, have begun "stretching" existing ships by slicing them in half and adding 300 new midsections.

The most popular cruises, of course, are two weeks or less in the Caribbean, but the north can't be the only attraction. Alaska cruise ships will sell 154 times this year in Vancouver, compared to only 38 sales a decade ago, and the rather expensive (\$1,670 to \$5,180) trips are as popular that agents advise booking several months in advance. For a 150-day world cruise aboard one of the five freighters carrying passengers for United Tugboat Lines, the waiting list is currently two years long, the attraction undoubtedly being the bottom-line price of \$5,560. The more conventional, and about half as long, world cruises



range from \$1,450 for bare necessities aboard the Canberra to \$218,518 for a two-starry cabin and white-glove dinner service aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2. Even Johnston, an Edmonton star, returned to December from a 30-month world trip aboard a smaller ship that cost her a mere \$4,300—but she had to work as ship nurse, clean cabins and serve two meals a day to the 76 other passengers to qualify for the rate. Still, she says, "After 30 months we were almost like family. We felt terrible saying goodbye."

The main lure, as *Love Boat* demonstrates weekly, is the chance for romance. The rolling sea, the cheap drinks and the distance from reality mean that cruises are often more interesting in where night lands than in where the ship calls in the morning. "The romance isn't just for singles," says Thomas Cook's Al Pastus. "Picture yourself sliding out from Jamaica next to your husband... the palm trees, the evening sun, the only music you've had a couple of drinks... if you don't rape your husband, somebody else will."

Rossana Leman, an ex-stewardess and present manager of a Vancouver beauty salon, took a specialized cruise from Vancouver to Los Angeles which centered on a huge background insurance sale, in many cases, involved other sailing at night. "People tend to

take a different attitude toward sex," Leman says. "It's 'Hi' and 'Goodbye' because they don't have to answer for it at home." Leman prefers the huskgamman cruises, and the younger passengers, to the more conventional cruises and their more conventional passengers. "They're all in their middle-40s and mostly married," she says. "And when you dance with someone's husband, she splits at you."

The rarest sight on a cruise is a single man, traveling alone. Two men traveling together looking for action other than each other is much less rare, but hardly as common as single women cruising in groups of two or more. "Single women meet people very easily," says Jan Buchanan, of Toronto's P. Lawrence Travel. "And the crew will always place an officer at a single woman's table. I've cruised single three times, and it's an easy boat to be on."

Single men too often find it snooty as eye. Lacking a white uniform, European manners and a key to the officers' lounge, they find their second fantasies derailed with the original brochure Toronto's Kim Jones went to the Virgin Islands in December and was grateful his girl-friend had accompanied him. "There were some simple joys on the cruise," he says. "And they got off at St. Thomas because there was just as action."

In the afternoon following the night in Nassau, the *Starward II* anchors off Great Stirrup Cay at the north end of the Berry Islands. Several passengers have paid out \$10 each to rent flippers, snorkel and mask for some reef snorkeling and a small hotel of what American writer James Jones has called the "tourist's rapture" of diving in the Caribbean. In water so clear it appears to exist only as a surface film, a small gangster darts under a shelf of live coral. Technically known as *Milipora alcyon*

nk, it is not a true coral, is not, in fact, anything like the innocent beauty that greets the naked eye. Beneath the orange polyp of the fire coral hide small batteries of stinging cells, enough to burn and even scar human skin. They are not at all as they seem.

After the dancing and shouting while there are other dance ponds. Somewhere on this "deserted" island the band has the covered electrical cauldrons to play into. Arty Lagunovskiy and his friend, Martin Smith, have discovered the best song. "Feminist women who were all out last night suddenly speak no English today. Smith, at least, has the 1920s behind him, going back to the Paradise Hotel. And, Castro is comfort. Lagunovskiy hasn't even the ticket with him. The English set, only the dancing memory of several days with the Russian beauty trying to blur the future except to show the blur of talent.

In the welcome shade of a palm, Guy of New Jersey hurps a salute to yet another hour. It was a long night and Guy missed breakfast, a small blessing to his tabernacles who bared him long first night out, that "I used to be in servers" before the parcel tracking business took off. He still has the \$800 Shores Raywirth was, though he still thinks it should have been the full \$800 that spilled from the slot machine. The worth of his wife forced him to take

that act had been the way he had done it, conspicuously pooling off two \$100 bills at the bar and handing them over with an ambiguous grin. "How do you think that made me feel?" a humiliated Sharon Rayworth asked as she coated herself again with Tropic Tan. "I don't like to be used."

Back from the beach the ship is throwing the "Robamarama Parade," and the prepaid cruisers, who have mysteriously come to regard food as the only return on their investment, are har-

A photograph of a beach scene. In the foreground, a person is lying on a towel on the sand. To their left, a person stands near a beach umbrella. In the background, another person is walking on the sand, and a beach umbrella is visible. The ocean is in the distance under a cloudy sky.

Sweward II of Great Siskin Day: outline

The psyche of the cruiser is most accurate. Given a capsule that encloses both time and space, the opportunities are endless: try on a new personality, suspend worry, no Khmer Rouge, Afghanistan or Canadian election. "Taking a cruise," says Dr. Kingsley Ferguson, chief of psychology at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, "is a regression



On-shore, buying in Nassau Shop, line up for more, not at all as they seem



fantasy. Every need is met. Doesn't sneak a little bit of ID in the scene?

Safe, snug, slightly silly-to-cruise bears no resemblance to history's first package tour, which were organized by the Venetians during the 14th century and carried pilgrims to the Holy Land for a mere ducats. What was gained in price was compensated for by delay (the average trip took 150 days), the discomfort of two-deck-wide berths to a single stateroom room, the smell of live pig and the 50-50 chance each pilgrim had of surviving shipwreck, plague, the plague. Felix Faber, a German monk who took one of a cruise

In 1958, there is no discomfort can't be cured by General or Dr. House. And disclafins has even reached point of absurdity on Soviet ships. Adol Gaba, an elementary-school teacher from Surrey, B.C., sailed to Odessa from New Orleans to Haver December, and says, "It was up to The girls who did the dancing and

on their hands and knees and I scrubbed every inch. They even washed the shower curtains every day."

As for the future of raising, it will be no difficult to predict as the return of the Big Boats was even five years ago. *Crabbing associations* confident

dict a 30-per-cent increase in business over the next five years, and they plan to the recent American adaptation of the "time-sharing vacation plan" for the Florida condominium to the oceans. For amounts ranging from \$15 to \$75,000 a family can choose a cruising day annually for the next year, and the initial offering of 20 memberships may actually sell out.

But cruising's future dilemma is that, although the brochures call sailing, power comes from oil.

rather than the wind. And not more needs to be said apart from the simple disturbing fact, the Queen Elizabeth 2 burns up \$30 million worth of fuel a year.

Off the starboard deck this night, the sea is calm, the moon a yellow ink above the bow. There are sounds, the soft softness of the water and the random bursts of laughter for the Bahamas Sea Lounge. Inside, Tom Adams and Lou Marsh, two convicts from Miami, are taking verbal digs at each other. The dog roars.

high pass-over that mine the noise school the on less over

In the morning the *Starward II* pulled into Miami, a stormfront was well on the down-bow. Andy Tajemba leans against a railing and says the words of a single, English-speaking word bothered him, but with assistance he got to save for a longer cruise next. Sharon Rayworth will lead Susan to about becoming stoneways and deck chair by the pool. Gary's wife, A. will be sitting in the warm sun was a stark state, the theory being that must be none to matter. Some of other craters will point and laugh, neither Gary nor A. will not know that they are still a few minutes from the cruise and for the next few minutes truth will continue to be rewarded. ☺

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On board the floating palace

The incense burner melts into a green ship. A crew are bad and evil, and no messengers complain most about sea sickness—for which the sailor a remedy is port wine laced with brimley. The boat broiled in the port of Acapulco is *Quinta Rebeca* where the view is as grimy as its possibilities. Probably the fastest cruise ship is the *Pand C Lunar Cruiser*, which 42,000 for a carmorse at more than 30 knots is passenger-deck in a cruise far from home, the captain can buy them at sea, death certificates will include the exact latitude and longitude where a ship stopped for funeral services. And while some captains still have the legal right to carry a

incident, missing couple, they won't. That exoteric integrates in *Cruiser Ships: The Inside Story*, a lively paperback by Vancouver open-line radio host Gary Eisenman. Jewish in anecdotes, the 270 pages of *Cruiser Ships* are a peek into the courtship as well as the author's call, with aboard prejudice, the floating palaces. Eisenman took his first, relaxed cruise as a 29-year-old, seven years ago and was so smitten by the relaxation and variety of the 14 days from Los Angeles to Alaska that he has since taken four more cruises—although the Panama Canal, around the Caribbean—and plans a fifth to Alaska this summer. Based on his own sailing, regulars will aboard cruise ships in the Vancouver Harbor and elsewhere, hundreds of crew members that Eisenman has interviewed.

• Pick your travel agency well, the

make it work for you. The best agents will have been on cruises and have a well-stocked library of information. They earn up to 10 per cent of your fare (from the shipping line) so they should make all inquiries and compare costs. (Last value is on Russian ships which are efficient, clean and cheap—and there's no tipping.)

• But you should research too: Ask the age of a ship, the year she was renovated, the nationality of her crew (Bannerman prides a mix of experienced British officers and exuberant Italian dining-room staff).

- **Plan to sail for seven days or more.** Anything less is not a cruise; you don't get to know either the ship or the ports.
- **Carry little cash.** Traveler's cheques are accepted and, except on Seven seas, so are credit cards. You can run up a tab for such extras as booze and hairdos.

- Carry lots of clothing. Cruise companies routinely pick up your bags at the air

port you unpack only once on the trip and remember you're with the same people for several days.

▲ **To enjoy:** At the end of a two-week

tip. Gannaman suggests tipping about \$50 to a pair of cabaret entertainers. The same for your two waiters: \$10 to a handyhead waiter and 10 to 15 per cent to barroom staff as you buy your drinks.

- Budget beforehand. Plan once, shop often. Don't forget how much you have paid for the dress. While you may have paid 10 percent more, then you would have for a

- **Retain your self-reliance.** When doctors are forced to treat exhaust-

blonded passengers determined to extract every cent's worth of their cruise. When you wish, sleep in—after all it means missing that lavish breakfast.

●Don't be a Godzilla—the noise some crews have come for distressed passengers the kind who scream at some poor, underpaid Guatemalan steward that they have spent \$4,000 for his damn crate and they expect decent service.

● Don't rely solely on ports for your pleasures. The comforts of the ship, while on the move, are more important than the places (be still!) it visits. Cruise around the

of the stopovers as needless diversions and consider a ship at anchor nothing more than a hotel on its beach. That's because service usually suffers and entertainment stinks. As Bunkersmith says: "All the activity and discipline go out the port-hole."

All over but the voting



By Robert Lewis

A funny thing was happening to the supposedly awestruck winter election-lurchers to a close—the people were coming out to see for themselves. In Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, curious local Tories and Reformers swelled a crowd of 1,200 at a Liberal rally where Pierre Trudeau was warmly received. In Montreal, New Brunswick, Joe Clark drew 1,200 and later, in Cambridge, Ontario, he surprised and enraptured about 700 partisans by calling for questions from the floor. In Dauphin, Manitoba, where money was feared Ed Broadbent to ditch his Q-Q for a venerable Q-Q, 800 showed up for a late-morning speech. The heightened interest was have been as consistent in truth-seeking after three weeks of bitterly partisan media advertising for stay-at-homes. All three leaders sought to capitalize as they took their sky above from coast to coast in a final burst of pleasuring.

The echo over the telephone lines in Quebec paths by the CBC and CTV is that the journey's end is likely a comfortable

minority Liberal government. According to CBC's poll by the Carleton journalism school, most of which was done before the escape of Canada's Iranian "houseguests" was revealed, the Liberals were 17 points ahead with two

Clark in P.E.I., Trudeau in Calgary: a little worth comes of journey's end



weeks to go. CTV's sample, taken after the great exodus, had the Grits 13 points up. Both polls put the Liberals comfortably ahead in crucial Ontario, where a big surge from Tories to Grits apparently is under way (see page 56). At week's end, Gallup's latest survey confirmed a national trend: the Liberals held a 17-point lead with the support of 48 per cent of decisive voters, compared with 31 per cent for the Conservatives and 20 per cent for the stars.

Joe Clark promptly denounced the CBC poll, which is precisely what the Liberals did in the last election when the Carleton survey reported the Grits behind. A Broadbent aide opined that polls during elections should be banned. The Liberals maintained that the numbers pointed to a majority. Asked if there was any way they could blow their

*With the underdog distributed, the results: CBC—Liberal at 41, PC at 35, NDP at 24; CTV—Liberal at 41, PC at 35, NDP at 24. According to the CBC, only eight per cent gave the Clark government "good" performance ratings while 15 per cent said it was "very" in "good." The right in John Crosbie's cabinet, at per cent, had "20" good. On the 10-point scale, 100 is "very" "good," 50 is "average."

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lead, one prominent Liberal strategist quipped: "Not unless [Trudeau] tells a little kid to huckle-doodle."

The Susan Wright in the Trudeau jet developed a tear, however, on the only vibrant issue of a campaign that has been singularly devoid of policy points—the price of oil and gas. Trudeau started out asserting that Liberals would not increase the price of a barrel of oil by the 40 proposed by Clark, which would add roughly 14 cents to a gallon of gasoline, but he refused to stipulate a figure. Kenora Liberal John Reid suggested the price would be \$4 and forecast a name increase for gasoline would be \$1.50. In a follow-up, Reid estimated it would be \$3 to \$3.50. In what came later said to be a "slip of the tongue," Trudeau last week indicated "it will be a price [increase] less than \$5." Energy critic Marc Lalonde declared that the increase would be "a matter you have to negotiate, but it won't be \$3.95."

If the Liberals have faltered because of their campaign-long aversion to specifics (see table, page 27), Clark's position has been the reverse. His government's proposed to increase the excise tax on gasoline from seven cents to 25 cents a gallon, and to apply it to diesel fuel for the first time, has farmers and fishermen bailing from coast to coast. Agriculture Minister John Ware has suggested in his constituents that he will work to roll back the levy. In Prince Albert, PC candidate Kris Raggan concludes: "Farmers are not happy with it. I'm not happy with it either. But we have to think of the whole country." At a press conference in Winnipeg, Clark said that "if re-election was an option in so long, back the excise tax in the budget."

EC Broadbent agrees, in effect, with the Liberal intention to stipulate a price. "It's irrational to give an answer in a promise debate," he told *Maclean's* last week. "It's like saying what a milk or cream will cost next year." The NDP proposes that a commission be established to study industry production costs and the most reasonable rate of return, among other factors, and submit a report by next June 1 as the basis for negotiation with profiting provinces.

Clark's only hope of forming a government now largely lies in his faith that voters will respond to his energy dogmatism, harsh as the prescription is for getting down. The Liberals had the history of voting patterns on their side in conceding that crucial decisions in the closing days are made on more general responses to style, personality and leadership. It is a reality that EC Broadbent has approached with a certain degree of resignation. "Most Canadians, like people in other democracies," he notes, "don't think a lot about the details of policies." ◇

A telltale watch on tight ridings

By Susan Riley

Election '88 may not have the conventional excitement and the anticipated promise of violence in a good hockey playing but, on the other hand, what else is happening mid-February? And while it is true that the dramatic battles will be fought in Toronto and southern Ontario, there are tight races in many of the 282 ridings across the country. Some places and players to watch election night:

1 Saskatchewan: Former city police chief Eric Ferguson, 40, is another Tory holding on by a small margin (879 votes) in the face of a determined push by former Liberal MP Mike Landers, a 36-year-old lawyer. Despite a 21-year Tory tradition, Landers hopes to regain this riding because of anti-Clark feeling.

2 South West Nova: Like many of the Mary Tjip Moore Show, this riding keeps going back and forth between the present incumbent, Charles Halliwell, a 41-year-old Tory lawyer, and his fellow lawyer and former date, Coline Campbell, the Liberal candidate and former MP Halliwell won the seat

by only 509 votes in May, and this return is simply too close to call.

3 Mississauga: The excellent, irresponsible Howard Graffey, minister of state for science and technology and one of three Tory MPs in Quebec, was down in the pre-election pre-Liberal wave Feb. 18 after 16 years of successfully treating water. He is facing local Liberal lawyer André Richard, who says Graffey is a "monument," so he's campaigning against Joe Clark.

4 Ottawa Centre: Will the Tories' favourite Cooke, Minister Jean Piquet, match this seat from dashing Liberal economist John Evans? Not likely. Although Piquet—whose office cooler just became famous during her six months in Joe Clark's office—was running harder than the voters' previous Tory caucus, Senator Jack de Gooz, and, although this is better known and better liked, Ottawa tends to vote with the party in power. And this time, Ottawa smelt Tory blood.

5 Hamilton Mountain: The New Democrats are coasting on early-boundies like Dean, a former firefighter and MP, to crack the Hamilton area for the party. Although Dean is warmly regarded in the streets, he first has to beat Tory incumbent Dennis Beattie and the former Liberal MP the party and popular Guy MacFarlane.

6 Fredericton: Social worker Anne Cooke, 38, a devoted Liberal, sometimes steals interviews with her kind, unassuming optimism. But she could lose the last laugh Feb. 18 as she debates sitting Tory Health Minister David Crombie, still recovering from a heart attack. Only risk-takers are betting on Cooke—who hopes to pull out Liberal votes in the poorer parts of the riding—but one source says: "If Toronto didn't belong to go Liberal, no one is safe."

7 Scarborough West: All three major candidates in this long-established suburban riding can claim parliamentary experience: the present MP, Tory Bill Wightman; former Liberal MP David Weatherhead; and former NDP member John Harney. While most Toronto ridings are a Tory-Liberal saw-off, this one is a three-way race. Oddly, incumbent Wightman may be the worst position since 1960 as incumbent here has been turned out twice.

8 Ottawa: Terry Williams, Campbell, 59, was swept into office last May on an anti-Trudeau tide despite Burns's Liberal tradition. This tide may be ebbing



Flashpoints on the election map

ing now, taking Campbell and many other northern Ontario Tories with it. Meanwhile former Liberal cabinet minister Ted Cohen is standing by, waiting to move back into his old seat.

9 Michener East: Some engineers call this "a nasty little fight," one that pits MP veteran MP John Rodrigues against Liberal July Roka, a 40-year-old media spokesperson. Roka is hoping that Rodrigues—one of the most articulate voices in the left of his caucus—is a radical Marxist, and is promising the Liberal party would have more influence with huge mining companies in the area. With some local polls showing the Liberals winning, the NDP is baying its support among mine-workers held.

10 Saskatoon: The Tories are running one of their "brightest new faces" in the sprawling riding: John Johnson, 35, a six-foot-five marathon runner who has been working as a PhD boss at the London School of Economics while serving as an executive assistant in Ottawa. Johnson's Irishistic roots run deep in the riding where his father was once a prominent cabinet minister. He is taking on NDP incumbent Terry Desautels, the party's defence critic, who won by only 854 votes last time.

11 Stouffville: In a rare case of incumbent-fide, local Tories ousted their veteran MP, Dr. Gordon Ritchie, last month and replaced him with local doctor Neville Blomch. But the NDP is hoping its man, Lawrence Lewycky, who lost by only 603 votes last time, will finish off the Tories for good. Lewycky, 54, is executive assistant to Manitoba NDP leader Howard Pawley.

12 Regina East: Former Liberal cabinet minister Otto Lang's big-spending brother-in-law, Tony Merchant, is apparently losing down his campaign this year in an attempt to knock off Susan de Jong, the quiet-spoken New Democrat who won the riding last time in a tight, three-way race. But Tony lawyer Brian Kaple is also very much in the running. While de Jong has been a diligent MP, and has the advantage of being the incumbent, his election in this volatile area was considered an aberration. Another aberration—a second election in a dramatic victory.

13 Prince Albert: Tory engineers hope the flooding path of John Diefenbaker will secure the estimated 60,000 Tories who didn't vote in the Nov. 19 election who acted this time. If 41-year-old Tory lawyer Kris Raggan wins a back

list's seat, it will mean the NDP incumbent, Stan Hordel, a school administrator who was voted in Dec. 3, will have sat on an MP's all of 11 days.

14 Kootenay East-Battlefords: The NDP was supposed to win this riding last May but Tory Stan Graham, known locally for getting the name of Mount Rushmore changed back to Castle Mountain, fended their plans. This time NDP candidate Bob Proulx, 46, former mayor of Revelstoke, is hoping to close the 1,650-vote shortfall by wooing disappointed Tories. He is also hoping a Liberal resurgence will drain Tory support, while NDP voters may faithful—a scenario the party hopes to see repeated across the West.

15 Burnaby: NDP incumbent Sverre Robinson, one of Parliament's youngest (28) and most energetic members, is carrying nervous backward glances at Liberal Darren Lawson, a popular local address—and wife of Senator Ed Lawson—with a good record on environmental issues. Last election Robinson edged out the Tories by 1,885 votes but this time Tory candidate Hugh Manley has faded and the Liberals—with Trudeau-phobia on the wane in B.C.—are running a strong second. ◇



Next week's issue of *Maclean's* will bring readers detailed coverage and analysis of the federal election results. To do so the press will be held from the normal Saturday deadline until Tuesday, the day following the election, and there will be a two-day delay in delivery to subscribers and newsstands.

A relentless arithmetic

By John Hay

However galling to the rest of the country, the Feb. 18 election will likely be decided in the 96 seats of politically fickle Ontario. Ontarians put one vote each, like everyone else, but there is a relentless arithmetic that makes Ontario count far more. The Liberals own all but a handful of Quebec's 73 seats, sending them halfway to a majority before crossing the Ottawa River. The Conservatives have their claws staked on Alberta's 22 ridings. Only in Ontario can enough seats change hands to elect victory for either Joe Clark or Pierre Trudeau.

As the campaign opened, the Liberals seemed about to take the province in a walk. The Clark cabinet was in disrepute, fuel prices were to be jacked up at the expense of Ontario's industry, commuters and farmers and, at least in Metro Toronto's 22 seats, old Liberal voting habits looked to be numbing themselves after lapsing last May. But it hasn't been as easy for the Grits as the opinion polls imply. Tory trench warfare has closed the Liberal lead in several key ridings.

The Tehran embassy episode helped, as did Clark's use of the Afghanistan crisis. "There is no warm glow for Joe," admits one Tory MP. But the sudden infusion of foreign affairs into the campaign cut the Clark jokers dead. "We're

talking a lot about the need to build up our military capability," says Tory MP Robin Richardson in Toronto, and that issue is a Tory issue across the province.

If Tehran helped Clark's image it may have hurt Trudeau's. There was a feeling even among some Grits that their leader had responded graciously. They were lit, too, by a new burst of soft-on-communism innuendo. "Some of our executives are using it," Tory MP John Beatty acknowledged. "We got hold of a couple of them and told them to stop." Top Liberals say the issue has not both ways about as many voters suspected Clark of image-building as were persuaded by the Iran story to vote for him. Anyway, the old anti-Trotsky anger is subdued. "It's not the popular thing to be at the moment—it's much more to be anti-Clark," says one Liberal insider. In sum, hardly anyone thinks the foreign policy issue will weigh heavily in the polling booths. Ray Conservative Paul McCreesh in York-Southwold "Joe Clark did what any prime minister of Canada would have done."

More potent in the Ontario campaign is John Crosbie's budget. Crosbie personally in a left wherever he goes, his budget is not only in well-liked neighborhoods. The Toronto's Lawrence Park and upper Rosedale is it fully apparent. In car-dependent suburbs and low-cost

districts it's working against the Tories. The application of a higher fuel tax to farm tractors would send the Grits to talk of doing well in the true-blue Tory Southwestern Ontario farm belt. Hybrid city-center ridings such as Lambton-Middlesex, Niagara Falls and Lincoln are all up for grabs. (Running in Lincoln is old Grit warrior Bryce Mack-



Tory leader, Liberal Crosbie (below) in Toronto cutting the Clark jokers dead

ney who, as Clark cracked, flew in from Air Canada with a personal and a political. Mackenzie claims family roots there.) In Ontario's northern reaches, it's again a Liberal-tilt contest. Incumbent New Democrat Grit Sykes has been imperilled by a Grit in South Sea Farms, but party manager John Beatty moved from his stall by last week. The NDP was also struggling to break the Liberal grip on Windsor's three seats.

With the anti-Trotsky venom largely drained and the anti-Clark contempt diminished, local concerns dominate many Ontario ridings. In Toronto's Rosedale, 36-year-old social worker Anne Cook is surprising even her own party by closing on popular ex-mayor David Crombie, whose Feb. 15 issue by attack has kept him off the hearings—although his election had played his doing a little down-slacking this week. His survey organization has been working full out but, as campaign manager Barbara McQuiggin exclaims, "It's hard without David." Cook, beaten by about 5,000 votes last time, is getting full party support. It is a political swing riding from the province-owned, neo-Fascist north through a forest of high-rises to downtown businesses and the made-over center of Toronto Island.

In west-end St. Paul's, Ron Atkey has emerged bleeding from the immigration portfolio and is trading on MP John Roberts. Already hurt by the shifting boat-people policy, Atkey was then bolstered by a mass demonstration case which hit Toronto's front pages last week. "We've won it," a Liberal organizer declared. They have also won most of their long-asked ethnic-based seats on Toronto's west side. But the New Democrats, who have eyed these seats for years, think Grits might be pulled into not voting on the 18th, exposing Etobicoke-Lakeshore MP Terry McHugh. Their best chances are Broadview-Gerrard held by MP Robin Bui and Beaches, an old NDP enclave snatched last May by Tory Richardson. Nine Metro seats were won in the last election by margins of less than five per cent of votes cast. The race was toughest as crucial. With the exception of Scarborough West (a three-way race with three former MPs), the eastern suburbs are Liberals' leading but Tories feeling they were catching up. Suburb Tory seat Philip Don Valley West, first Toronto riding to turn against Trudeau in 1972 and taken by Reilly last year by more than 16,000 votes.

There is nothing like a Liberal vote in most of Ontario, but the anti-Liberal tide crested last May when Tories took 57 seats. Says Liberal Norman MacLeod, campaign chief for Ontario: "Everybody who is ever likely to vote Tory voted Tory last spring." ☐

POLICIES —AND— PROGRAMS		 Conservatives	 Liberals	 New Democrats
 Gasoline prices	Budget would hike excise tax 18 cents and increase per litre another 16 cents a gallon annually to 1984	No change to excise tax. No reduction of 10¢ high gas price will go, but promise lower than Tory proposal	Commission to study question and determine gas prices and profits. Will not go to world level	
 Petro-Canada	Sell two-thirds of shares to Canadians expand the company	Keep wholly in government hands to expand exploration and development	Mix of public and private company in five years take control of development on petroleum reserves across Canada	
 Deficit	Cut in half in five years	Let it grow no faster than growth in Gross National Product (about 1% this year)	Increase deficit to stimulate economy	
 Interest rates	Reduce central bank rate to 10% or 11% by midsummer (a new 14%)	No stated policy	Cut interest rates to 12%	
 Defence	Increase spending 3% a year, transfer manpower 4,000 in next four years, increase contribution to NATO	No stated policy	No increase in spending until review. Reconsider party promise to pull out of NATO and NATO	
 Olympics	Boycott if in Moscow	Boycott Moscow Games if joined by U.S. and other countries — including the Third World	Move Games from Moscow, but if that fails, compete in Soviet Union	
 65+ Elderly	No pension increase until review of social programs. Hike of a program to subsidize shelter costs	New Guaranteed Income Supplement by \$35 (affects 50% of all old age pensioners)	Hike Old Age pensions by \$40 quarterly. Shorter allowances for those on 65	
 Housing	Reintroduce mortgage interest and property tax credit (maximum write-off \$750 this year)	No stated policy	Cut mortgage interest rates to 8% or 9%. The federal government less than \$20,000	
 Off-shore resources	Code control to the provinces	Refer matter to Supreme Court of Canada	Code control to the provinces	
Other Goals				
<p>The New Democrats have announced substantial cuts in gasoline and heating oil subsidies, including the Fuel Tax, which would increase federal gasoline tax by 18 cents and add to average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon. The Liberals have also announced a 10¢ reduction in gasoline tax, which would reduce the average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon. The Conservatives have announced a 10¢ reduction in gasoline tax, which would reduce the average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon.</p> <p>The Liberals have also announced a 10¢ reduction in gasoline tax, which would reduce the average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon. The Conservatives have also announced a 10¢ reduction in gasoline tax, which would reduce the average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon.</p> <p>The Conservatives have announced a 10¢ reduction in gasoline tax, which would reduce the average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon. The Liberals have also announced a 10¢ reduction in gasoline tax, which would reduce the average consumer's annual fuel cost by 10¢ per gallon.</p>				
Let's Address				



British Columbia

Forbidden fruits in plain wrappers

For several years now multitudes of U.S. longest gamblers have illegally joined fellow Canadian operators in buying chances on a million. The real winners in all this have been some 130 enterprising Canadians selling lottery tickets across the border by mail.

Clustered largely in B.C. and many carry financing addresses, they have been charging premiums of up to \$4 on the tickets as well as collecting on the dollar exchange difference. Any winning U.S. citizens have either had to move to Canada to spend the windfall or face paying hefty U.S. taxes. They have contravened U.S. postal regulations which forbid trafficking in lottery tickets by mail, although 14 U.S. states have their own lotteries and tickets can be mailed to adjacent states.

Until this month it was thought that the back across-the-border transactions, generating revenues estimated at about \$5 million a year, were legal in Canada. But Jim Taylor, the execu-

CANADIAN MILLIONS in mail. Instant money info. Write millionaires. Box 6722, Station A.

senior director of the B.C. government's lotteries branch, thinks differently. He has sent 322 letters to all the West Coast entrepreneurs he could find engaging in this lucrative aid to our balance-of-payments deficit, advising them that they are, in fact, contravening B.C. lottery regulations.

The U.S. Post Office has been trying to clamp down on the trade for several years but to little avail, since all it can do is intercept mail heading toward known Canadian ticket sellers. Would-be millionaires have their ticket orders sent back to them with the terse notice: "Lottery mail—return to sender." Postal Inspector O.J. Broadwater of the special investigations division in Washington admits that "at best, we only catch a small percentage."

In 1978 and 1979 the now-defunct Loto Canada, which operated a network of private dealerships across the country, ordered those involved in cross-border sales to stop or lose their licenses.



Advertising Canadian lotteries in U.S. papers is a service charge, plus exchange.

But U.S. demand was so heavy that other enterprising people promptly set up mail-order businesses advertising in the National Enquirer and other mass-circulation publications. One Vancouver company, Bridge International, sold Loto Canada tickets in U.S. funds for

\$12 and Provincial tickets for \$1 (against \$39 and \$5 Canadian). Although they called the marking a service and mailing charge, the exchange alone left them a handsome profit. Bridge International's owner, Joe Campbell, says he is "picking out that side of the business." Another Vancouver company, Phoenix Services, advertising widely in Chinese newspapers south of the border, sells Super Loto tickets for \$15 (\$10 in Canada) and two Provincial tickets for \$1 in U.S. funds.

Both Bridge International and Phoenix Services are among the 130 Canadian lottery-seller addresses the U.S. Post Office tries to keep an eye on. According to Broadwater, "70 to 80 per cent of them are in British Columbia."

If B.C. Lotteries Director Taylor has his way, the trade is about to end. "We won't condone the breaking of laws in another country and certainly not in British Columbia. Only the Western Canada Lottery Foundation is allowed to send tickets by mail." Which may explain why there has been an increase in activity in Irish sweepstakes tickets sales in the United States. In recent months the U.S. Post Office has issued 80 warnings involving addresses trying people to share in the luck of the Irish.

Mark Badger

We have here but five loaves, and two fishes

It looks like an ordinary wheel. The color is in faded right yet, although the wheels are the same and the floor has worn the approval of a piece of limited road traffic. But instead of meat it is filled with cod and squid. First the roys burger now the fish-clip.

It doesn't look fishy. It's close to a traditional wheel. Says Ellen Laflèche, 31, an insatiable grade schooler who whizzed up the fish-day at her laboratory at Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax. The last time we looked it there were some left over and everyone cleaned their up."

In the past few weeks Laflèche has been looking in one large head company—the won't say which because "they don't want me to"—about producing fish days commonly. But a solution did have to be found for the fish-day is unsatisfactory code—view a pale beige "industry would like the color

inventor Laflèche: "everyone cleaned up"

to be close to the conventional wheel and feel would clean using oil/water."

Laflèche figures her half-day from the sea can net her about as much as traditional wheelers. Cheaper ones could be made using hake. And if that works, she moves "maybe we could use lobster and crab to make a gourmet wheel."



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The Balkan power play



By Michael Dobbs

Among the tens of thousands of messages that poured into the airport in Ljubljana, where President Josip Tito is recovering from the amputation of his left leg, was one from Daniel Proke, a Serbian schoolboy. It read: "I am five years old and I love you a lot. Don't ever be sick again." That sentiment was shared by many of Yugoslavia's 20 million citizens. Celebrating with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the illness of the 77-year-old former partisan leader triggered lamentations of Soviet designs on the Balkans. In Belgrade's packed restaurants and smoke-filled clubs, the phrase "when the Russians come" fast developed into a catch line for jokes. One young film director confessed that earlier—when it looked as though Tito was dying—he had started dreaming of Soviet tanks flying up and down the capital's main streets.

But last week, as the receding market was reported steadily improving, Yugoslavians were already coming to terms with reality. As a Communist party member explained, "Tito's illness came as a great shock. But, perhaps it's better this way. It's like an earthquake in slow motion. We're getting used to the tremors—and learning how to cope by ourselves at the same time."



Tito (top right) talks with Soviet Zarko Gvili and Miron Gromov, Russian joint

lie Communists (who has been under-surveying Tito's role as an independent Communist leader for the past 15 years) played host to rapid succession to U.S. Undersecretary of State Daniel Newsom, the conservative West German Christian leader Franz Josef Strauss and, finally, a grand-old Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet foreign minister.

The object of Gromyko's surprise visit was to persuade Communists, if not into line with the Kremlin's line of Afghanistan, but, despite three days of intensive talking, the visit he was able to extract was an ambiguous statement from the Romanians blaming the recent increase in East-West tensions on "unresolved questions, the preference of imperialist forces in the internal affairs of other states, and a policy of force and the threat of force in international relations."

Gromyko's visit did, however, illustrate both the strengths and weak-

nesses of the Soviet position in Eastern Europe. Communism is a shared legacy of Kremlin thinking and a political shield in foreign policy. Like Yugoslavians believe that—far from the fears of ordinary people—the Soviet Union has put enough on its hands in Asia right now and has no wish to extend itself militarily in Europe.

Elsewhere in the region Soviet diplomacy seemed greater success. After what appeared to be initial negotiations, both Poland and Hungary voted full support for Soviet "friendly assistance" in Afghanistan. Bulgaria underscored its devotion to Moscow by staging Warsaw Pact exercises under the attentive eye of Marshal Kallayev, Soviet commander of the alliance. And Soviet officials openly and intelligently expressed the fear that the new Cold War atmosphere might lead to tighter ideological and political control on the Soviet side. But Eastern European leaders are likely to resist such pressures for as long as they can.

There are hard economic reasons for their doing so. For the past decade their economies have come to rely more and more on the West—for hard currency loans, technology and expertise, grain imports and a market for finished goods. The Soviet Union's East

European allies—Poland, East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania and Bulgaria—owe the staggering sum of nearly \$50 billion to Western banks (Poland's debt alone is around \$17 billion).

In the view of many Eastern European economists, it has been impossible for Soviet bloc countries to disentangle themselves from the West—even if ordered to do so by Moscow. Soaring economic ties at a time of rising oil prices and lower growth rates might also mean political instability, the Kremlin's ultimate nightmare.

Meanwhile, on the fringes of the Soviet bloc, renegade Yugoslavians are seeking to strengthen ties with Western Europe. Yugoslav officials have welcomed the decision by European community leaders to speed up negotiations on a more favorable trade pact. Under the new deal, which could be ready for signing later this month, Yugoslavia will be given assistance in reducing its \$5-billion trade deficit with the community. In recent years, Yugoslavians have been drifting toward greater economic dependence on the Soviet bloc. With President Tito's health still uncertain, both Yugoslav and Western officials are anxious to reverse the trend—before it is too late. □

Sour notes by the boys in the band

Weeks of intense United States pressure aimed at maneuvering its European allies into taking a more aggressive line over the Soviet mission in Afghanistan ended in total confusion on Friday. Here behind-the-scenes lobbying in European capitals, in which the efforts of U.S. Deputy Secretary of State William Christopher were supplemented by the unlikely person of Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser on the Atlantic coast—and the distinctly unhelpful efforts of Australian policy adviser Lord Carr on the Olympic coast—produced what was said in Washington to be an informal agreement for a conference of foreign ministers late this month.

But hardly had the U.S. let it be known that the conference would take place than France, which with Britain, West Germany and Italy was said to be among the participants, announced that it was not at all intent to reduce "international tension" while the Soviet "efficiency at least" were being "improved." French spokesmen stated by week's end that light-speed state department officials would confer only that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance would



British Lord Carr and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt committed to using the nation's power aggressively?

be seeing the Germans and might go on to other countries.

In fact events throughout the week had a slightly uneven air. Unlike Carr and Britain, France and West Germany have substantial reservations about the reasons for and the correct response to the Soviet mission (Macmillan, Page 11). And while West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing at the second daily lunch took a tougher line, they said nothing about any concrete action.

I was traveling with some surprise that observers learned from the White House

Unfriendly persuasion

The Soviet-made hand grenade, flying toward the home in the quiet streets of a post-Baluchistan suburb, was abruptly stopped in its flight by what police later called "luck"—a high, concrete security fence built just six days earlier. So no one was injured in the 3 a.m. attack last week. But the long anticipated threat to the corner Pakistani Front on leader Robert Mugabe—had suddenly become dangerously real. Kuchinda Kangwa, a member of Mugabe's party, was less fortunate. Two hours earlier his home had been bombed and isolated and Kangwa's injuries may make it impossible for him to contest Zimbabwe Rhodesia's first majority-rule election at month's end.

Over the past few weeks, as the campaign has got under way, violence has become almost chronic, police say. In all, there have been 18 attacks on politicians as major party officials in the past seven weeks and 185 elections for inter-factional political fighting. The statistics—and the weekend arrest of former prime minister Garfield Chibwe for allegedly aiding terrorists—reflect the mounting tension of a campaign involving 20 parties—some black and one white—



Mugabe's passionate practice weapons skills at an assembly point; only forms of death

spanning the political spectrum from reaction to ultra-revolutionary militancy. But the means used to "win" votes from the three million electors last week led the British government, Lord Soames, to take powers to ban any single candidates or party from a district for disrupting the electoral process.

Part of the problem in the countryside, which ended the semi-year civil war on Dec. 20. About 20,000 guerrillas have turned themselves in and in many ways the risky—and unique—military operation has been a miracle. But, at the same time, well-placed sources admit that about 4,000 guerrillas are still waging war or engaging in political activity

that Carter had had a talk with Schmidt, which had greatly pleased him and that the German leader on a result of his talk with Giscard had suggested a conference of foreign ministers in mid-late June. Subsequent official American references to the meeting were equally carefully phrased to convey the impression that the initiative had come from Giscard and Schmidt.

Others earlier that week had said that Carter wanted the meeting and was spending no efforts, including those of Fraser, to put it off. The agenda was reported to be distinctly lacking in both an interest in NATO spending cuts and above the three-part annual, inflation-proofing was agreed in

1976 further containment of trading contacts with the Soviet Union and a Soviet trade on the Olympic Games. Carter also was said to be eager for Vance to brief the foreign ministers on the latest U.S. intelligence estimates of the situation in the Soviet Union by accident or more probably by design, a building of such a nature was recently given to selected Washington correspondents. But an interview I based on the file differed from what the Americans have been saying for a long time now—except that Soviet intervention in Afghanistan—rather than in Angola or Ethiopia, was offered as the goal. The issue as the Soviet "agreed" leaders are now content to support their own great military power in the Soviet Union. But the struggle for succession to the 73-year-old Leonid Brezhnev could last well into the 1990s and that while it goes on so they can be expected.

So for the long term the Carter administration believes that not surprisingly it rests with Brezhnev's successor and there are new lead to be from Brezhnev's at that time. Gregory Brown, the 57-year-old long-time party leader Vladimir Shchegolev, 62, the Ukrainian leader and Viktor Zinchenko, 65, head of the Ukrainian party organization, All, said the CIA was hard-headed.

David North, with correspondents' files



which is no more subtle than threatening rural blacks with deportation after guilty lower court verdicts if they do not vote for the Patriotic Front.

Statisticians indicate that Mugabe's SANU party is the main offender: 6,000 of the guerrillas still in the bush are loyal to him and of the 384 "outsiders" (foreign guerrillas) and the military since the ceasefire, 130 have links with SANU troops. The ceasefire commission has considered 160 alleged major breaches; 112 were attributed to SANU. And, of greatest concern to the government, more than 140 people have been killed, including war or through acts of intimidation.

On top of that, 200 ballot papers have been stolen from the government

printers, despite the watchful eye of Queen Elizabeth's own stationer. As a result, 400,000 ballots for an entire province, will have to be reprinted.

Perhaps, ironically, it is Mugabe's branch of the Patriotic Front that is expected to win the election, though not the majority needed to form a government. The key at this stage is Joshua Nkomo, and where he goes to form a coalition. The "Great British Conspiracy Theory," as it is called here, has Nkomo linking with the black moderates and whites against Mugabe, although his own people deny it vehemently. Yet it is acknowledged by all sides that anything is still possible in the continuing Rhodesian drama.

Robin Wright

The economic price of political pride

It had followed the usual script, the symbolic-to-actual contribution between the developed nations and the Third World at New Delhi last week would have ended with a handshake ceremony by someone, but to one backed down, although someone was addressed who, the Indian had failed to push through compromise proposals and the third international conference of the United Nations Industrial Development Organization (jointly) ended as a dramatizing flop.

There is a demonstration said "idea of action" with overwhelmingly adopted, and will go before the UN General Assembly in December, but that mustn't matter. While the Third World can always muster the votes, it cannot subvert the money, materials or technology. As one Western diplomat put it slowly, "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him swallow a change."

The Rules were a better disappointment, for the Third World and for Western diplomats and negotiators who have worked for years for the advancement of developing countries. Ambassador John McCord, leader of the U.S. delegation and it was probable Congress would not new rilly used a new constitution negotiated last year, which would turn it into a specialized UN agency.

The roads at this latest brawl between rich and poor nations lay in Cairo. In February last December, the Third World countries which form the Group of 77 (actually 113) nations agreed on a declaration which in the eyes of the West was heavily political and had little of practical interest to its industrial development. Said Ambassador McCord: "I ignored the role of the crisis countries completely and it also ignored the East European nations. We alone were the bad boys."

The declaration was for a new global fund of \$305 billion (U.S.) by the year 2000.



UN Secretary-General K. Waldhaug and Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi at UNIDO conference: "diplomatic of the day"

to be administered by UNIDO, but it is being signed and conveyed by the Group of 77. The West termed the plan "unreal." For one thing, it argued, it would be a major task to turn UNIDO into a financial institution.

What happened at Delhi was that the Group of 77 resoundingly the Havana declaration and tried to have it adopted, complete with its effects on "economic expansion and racism." At the Delhi Declaration there was much lobbying by the rich nations to "depoliticize" the proceedings while the Indians put forward their compromise, which that element was a reduction from \$200 billion to \$150 billion in the size of the fund.

But for both rich and poor nations important principles were at stake. Negotiations broke down late Saturday and the Indians withdrew their troops. The poor nations' new event on its progress from the perspective of the "yard and negotiable" attitude of the developed countries. But their chairman Ahmed Ghannem of Tunisia, had the final and probably final word. The declaration had become the end "a dialogue of the dead!"

Peter Alexander

Great Britain

Birthrights at the barricades

A angry women chained in the House of Commons, hundreds more battled police outside, a doorman was bitten on the wrist and vast bundles of petitions bearing 200,000 names were brought into the debating chamber as a controversial bill designed to tighten Britain's abortion law began its final stages through Parliament at week's end.

It was the seventh attempt to make abortions harder to get since the law was liberalized in 1967 and the issue had burned up party differences and brought together on the same platform Britain's Liberal party leader David Steel and Labor party socialist-turned-left wing, Tony Benn. It divided medical opinion and provoked



Steel addresses an anti-fetal bill (left) as supporters applaud; angry women chained



mass rallies of women in London streets and public halls.

The first that St. the issue was a bill devised by Scottish Tory MP John Grieve, 57-year-old father of two and a Presbyterian churchgoer who unexpectedly broke the smart nightclubs of London's evening life. London's elite, said, in an age of relaxed abortion laws, might never have been born.

But for as an abortion, except where the child might be born handicapped or where there was risk to the mother's life, to prevent doctors using broad "social" criteria to euthanize an abortion (such as poverty or the implications of an unwanted child), to permit medical staff "conscience" grounds for refusing to take part in abortions, and to crack down severely on financial links between pregnancy advisory services and clinics.

The bill's supporters, including The Times and the British section of an international body rather controversially named Doctors Who Regret Abortion, believed the bill's amendments would stem the rising numbers of abortions (from 68,000 in 1980 to 112,000 in 1978) while not requiring the freedom of those generally at risk. Opponents, however, saw it as a step that interfered with women's rights and would only encourage the return of back-street practitioners. Friday's parliamentary debate was adjourned until Feb. 15 when Dr. Gerard Vaughan, the Conservative



Steel addresses an anti-fetal bill (left) as supporters applaud; angry women chained

health minister, argued strongly for a 24-week limit in place of Corrie's 28. Unless this is accepted by its sponsors, therefore, the chances are the bill will be killed.

Opinion polls have shown a confusing disarray in public feeling about the issue. But the British Medical Association (BMA) list is that the present law kills the right side. At a rally of 35,000 women attended by Steel and Benn, the BMA's Dr. John Marks denounced "this wretched bill" and thundered, "The seven women die of abortion and we, not the Corries, would have to pick up the pieces of the bill get through."

But as a disappointed non-voter was rejected at one public rally by the non-voting Liberal MP Cyril Smith. Taking the episode new from his party leader's, Smith said he himself had been frightened and, in an age of relaxed abortion laws, might never have been born.

Carol Kennedy

U.S.A.

The latest, 'discouraging' successor to Watergate



By Ian Urquhart

I first started two years ago in Brooklyn with an undercover investigation into the issues who sell stolen art and securities. But there was a surprise in store for the FBI agents on the case. Instead of finding themselves dealing with people trying to sell paintings," explained Philip Heyman, assistant U.S. attorney-general, "they found themselves dealing with people trying to sell influence"—with politicians who could be bought for the right price.

The visit denied to play along its agents were provided with elaborate cover as wealthy Arabs, complete with a yacht moored off Florida, a seaside condominium, a home in Washington furnished with antiques from the Smithsonian museum, art from New York's twenty-fourth Plaza and Pierre hotels, and baskets full of cash. The money was given to politicians or their associates in return for their help in obtaining contracts, immigration papers and the like for the "Arabs." Some of the transactions were secretly recorded on videotape.

At all seven congressmen, a U.S. senator, a state senator, a mayor and the vice-chairman of New Jersey's Casino Control Commission were reported in a series of press leaks to have been caught in the trap. The influence-peddling scandal, it emerged last week, was po-



The house in Washington where the money changed hands and Senator Larry Pressler, who refused to disavow as Arabs

tentally the nation's biggest since Teapot Dunes.

News of the scandal—known by its FBI code name as Abuses (short for Arab abuses)—rocked Washington to its core. Politicians, raised lower than journalists and officers in public esteem after Watergate and its successor, Korea-gate, had begun to recover the lost ground. Now, it seemed, they would have to start all over again. "I'm very disappointed... discouraged, shocked," said Senate majority leader Robert Byrd.

Byrd's dismay, widely shared, no-

On the early 20th, Albert Fall, secretary of the department, was arrested for a scandal involving the sale of oil rights for his efforts to land them control of government-owned petroleum deposits in Teapot Dunes in Wyoming and Utah in California.



Kelly, the man who took over conducting his own investigation into the donors

states New Jersey's Frank Thompson, allegedly caught by the FBI's candid camera as he cavorted with an prostitute for a bribe of \$50,000, was in a similar category. In 20 years in the House of Representatives Thompson, 61, had gained esteem for his support of the arts, labor and, anemically, campaign financing controls.

Less surprising were the names of congressman John Murphy of New York City, who had links to the deposed shah of Iran and former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza and had been the subject of previous investigations, and John Jarrin of South Carolina, an olive man who had attracted the FBI's interest in the past.

By the end of last week, no charges had actually been laid, while all the men named issued carefully worded disclaimers. The new man to admit he had taken money, Republican congressman Richard Kelly of Florida, said he had done so as part of a private investigation into "badly characterized" men who were trying to buy influence. And as the initial shock wore off, Congress started to get to grips with the crisis. Both House

and Senate ethics committees launched inquiries and there was a public wrangle when they tried to force the justice department and FBI to hand over videotapes and other evidence. In the end, the initial studies seem and, as seems only proper, the courts will hear the evidence first. But some congressmen and senators were so angered by the decision that they took their frustration out on the press—and the FBI. Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson III accused the FBI of "trying to play games with U.S. senators," while Alaska's Republican Senator Ted Stevens said the press "would have to answer" for the manner in which constitutional precepts had been violated.

In testimony on Capitol Hill, Byrnes deplored the lurch and pressed that the justice department would punish these responsible, if it caught them. But he made no apologies for the investigation itself. The FBI, he said, had not picked congressmen at random, and then set out to entrap them. The men had been supplied by corrupt middlemen. "If they [the FBI] had said 'We're going to bring in the president of the United States,' I would have swallowed my pride and I am not going to stop here," he added.

It seems to "get out and respect a power" and when he probed was told "I've got my order."

Byrnes even mixed it with "Hazzard's" son Rich Day, a ward boss. To contest what he perceived as his growing influence, Byrnes ran a banked racketeering against him for the Cook County state legislature in Chicago. In Chicago to make up for low income—he had turned into a real one. He was ordered by the commissioner

The personal major poll will start next week or at the end of October when two weeks after standing before President Jimmy Carter and proving his performance, he declared her support for Teddy Kennedy. This move, not only went against a widespread cause among local Democrats to "real and real" but resulted in both her own transportation Secretary had (dis)credited that Chicago's requests for vital federal travel funds would be reconsidered.

The implied criticism—that her personality is at the root of all this city's problems which include a \$110-million deficit—is repeated by Byrnes. She says with some justification that years of Rand-Ied government under Richard Daley are to blame. But some observers remain unconvinced. As one veteran politician put it: "Byrnes is only been in office a short time, but she is already wrapped in a bump into everybody that's a girl's a short time."

William Loeffer/James Fleming

The city that doesn't work

Chicago, famed for decades as "the city that works," has had difficulty long up in that reputation lately. First came the revelation last November that "unusual" accounting practices—barraging from one account to pay off others—had brought the school system close to bankruptcy. Then came a transit strike which landed the city's commuters into what seemed "the worst" largest parking lots—and a trucker's strike which aggravated gas shortages. And last week the administration of Mayor "Jesse" Byrne, 45, was given yet another headache. After more than three weeks without pay and facing massive layoffs, the city's 25,000 teachers went on strike.

While many of the teachers' grievances had been in the making long before Byrne came on the scene, it was clear that his body men (one popular billboard says "What reads the Mayor 'Byrne today'") and penchant for steering his friends head-on played their part in the latest crisis—as in all previous ones.

After her election last April there was widespread doubt that the downtown, given to thick makeup and bright clothes, could follow in the footsteps of the tough and legendary Mayor Richard Daley known to all and sundry as "Hozzer" But

Byrne soon proved her mettle. First to be termed were the veteran politicians of Daley's "machine." As one observed ruefully: "The mayor destroyed anyone who threatened her." A local state legislator who dared to back Byrne's order on a few votes found his nominal job on the city's payroll as a "senior inspector"—yet picking for legislators in Chicago in Chicago to make up for low income—he had turned into a real one. He was ordered by the commissioner

Teachers on strike: a mayor with a testy style and a taste for confronting unions



Business

Downer for the downers



By Anthony Whittingham

It has become almost the symbol of the 1980s—the Valium Age—with the glorification of high energy and dynamic in a nation characterized by the 1980s gradually replaced by the pleasured, and purportedly therapeutic, virtues of stress-avoidance and "mellowing out." Valium, the little anti-anxiety pill that relaxes muscles, reduces tension and—under doctors' orders—is among the most heavily consumed prescription medicines in North America, has become more than just another generic brand name like Kleenex, Coke or Aspirin. Valium represents an entire lifestyle. Relax. Take one and forget.

Not surprisingly, the organization responsible for introducing this mood-bender upon society—the giant Swiss pharmaceutical company J. Hoffmann-La Roche and Co AG of Basel, which invented the Valium prototype in its U.S. research laboratories in the early 1960s and has held worldwide patents for the drug ever since—has developed a somewhat mixed reputation as a firm possibly both brilliant and dangerous. To that, flowing from a growing body of local concerns registered against the company throughout Europe and now in Canada, the upshot over and over may be added as well. So great has been the world's appetite for Valium—or, to dispassionately, the drug's generic family name—that Hoffmann-La Roche has attempted, during the past decade and a half, to manipulate markets to its own advantage. In Europe, where Valium, patented by patent, was the only drug available, the company has been ordered by several governments, beginning with Britain in 1973, to lower

Valium into many less profitable lines

prices and return excess profits. Now, in Canada, where the market is the opposite, with nearly a dozen competing firms producing diazepam, Hoffmann-La Roche, the company's West Coast-based Canadian subsidiary, was ordered in the Ontario Supreme Court last week of drastic price-cutting, almost to the point of giving the drug away, in an apparent attempt to undermine and drive out the competition. The

VALIUM: THE DRUG OF THE 1980S



On a wing and a prayer

Outside the tattered old hangar in Sidney, north of Victoria, B.C., little men sit on the tailgates of station wagons and talk. Inside, the bulletin board announces job openings and an awarded calendar on the wall reads "Week 54." Good last week, the plant was the bustling birthplace of the graceful, duck-billed Trident amphibious aircraft. But the federal government's policy, alleging that the plane's manufacturer, Trident Aircraft Ltd., broke the terms of a previously negotiated funding agreement. With an

first seven years of "predatory pricing" under Canada's normally toothless Consumer Investigation Act, the La Roche brothers together with Crown Counsel Edgar Sorenson of Toronto and chief defense lawyer Gordon Henderson of Ottawa—two of Canada's top money specialists—is in a trial lasting more than a year, which ultimately showed the La Roche company gave \$5 million Valium pills, valued at \$24 million, as free samples to hospitals across Canada over a one-year period in 1976-77. "Certainly there is nothing legally wrong with giving away some free pills," commented Mr. Justice Allen Linden. "When a large quantity of pills is given out free for a long period of time, however... one may feel that the predatory pricing legislation."

The Canadian conviction—though an appeal may be launched by the company—adds another smudge to La Roche's worldwide image, already tarnished by other Valium controversies, including price-cutting and, through a subsidiary, responsibility for Italy's disastrous 1976 chemical explosion at Seveso. This reputation—while undoubtedly a fair response to some of La Roche's business tactics—is in part overlooked by the company's substantial contribution to worldwide medical and pharmaceutical research.

It's a shame Hoffmann-La Roche's innovative achievements have been clouded by bad business judgment when pharmaceutical companies, like all companies, have an uphill battle for public acceptance at the best of times.

employment rate of 17 per cent in Sidney, the layout of Trident's 107 employees and subcontractors has become, along with oil tanker traffic off the West Coast, the hottest local topic in the B.C. federal election.

The dream was to build 180 of the Canadian-developed push-propeller aircraft, selling them as expensive six-seater executive toys in the \$165,000 range. The company would be assembling its planes in a 100,000-square-foot man-

Trident aircraft skeleton start rolling



ghost on the fringes of the Vicer's airport end, eventually, subcontracting for the likes of Seattle's Boeing Company. The operation would bring \$6 million a year to the Skowey area and employ 270 people. Problems with the dream set in early. Concocted in the U.S. in the mid-1980s, the Truget was brought into Canada in 1990 by Vancouverite Dave Haslemood. A self-described mystic, Haslemood, with partner Paddy Newton, launched the enterprise "unannounced with the facts." Eight years and \$35 million later, Haslemood, pre-production work was ready to begin under blank, Florida-based American Jerry Vasecek. Last year Vasecek spent another \$3.8 million in the old hanger and, after a dispute with the company that built the two Truget prototypes, decided to build Truget's own parts rather than subcontract, adding \$8 million in start-up costs. "Fiscal insanity," said federal Minister of State for Small Business and Industry Ron Harrington. "Caused by bureaucratic delays," countered Vasecek. That, plus environmental reports saying Truget would have to sell 980 planes at upward of \$100,000 to turn a profit (they have current orders for 47), led to the snafu. Certainly the announcement was political poison and may yet contribute to the defeat of Liberal Conviden-Melabie. The Islands Tory incumbent Don Taylor. In a paradigm of conflicting political ideologies both



Unemployed Truget workers stand in line.

Lakeheads and the new have promised to build the company out, although start-up costs are now pegged at more than \$20 million. While admitting it was a "very, very hard decision," Harrington—who is from the Vancouver area himself—said it would have been the same in Ontario or Quebec. Arguing he has seen "dozens" of government-supported Trugets across the country, he says "Someone has to have the courage to say no." Truget Inc., however, represents another straggling blow against regional development. "The world looks on with disbelief if Canada wants to trade anything other than raw materials," says John Shepherd, chairman of Ottawa-based Leigh Instruments Ltd. and a director of the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy. "It's much the same way the East views BC."

New, however on the brink of the

election, the company has been given a temporary reprieve. Last last week Truget officials agreed to extend claims of nearly \$1 million against the company into 1995 and the B.C. government renewed its promise of up to \$4 million in interest loans—contingent on federal government guarantees. While Vasecek and a skeleton staff settle around in the old hanger, waiting for a judgment trumpet on Feb. 15, an enterprising group of skilled employees is using plant facilities to manufacture wood cases. From a \$600 investment, they hope to get production over 100 in "short order." Maybe, as some Truget workers slyly suggest, producing wood cases in the semi-rural Skowey Peninsula makes more fiscal sense than making airplanes. **Thomas Hopkins**



Blow, blow, thou winter wind . . .

The hand-drawn sign nailed to the sky dweller turns up the feelings of everybody for miles around. FRANK FOR SNOW. It says—and that there are that many people around for a rustic vacation, with Ontario's Collingwood, no resorts at all but described as they have been all winter. "Blowing" flaring this place has been a winter of misery. "gripes the weekend and

per from Toronto, angry over six weeks of brown slopes and \$2,500 spent on a snowbound February without the snow. Throughout many parts of Canada this year it has been The Winter That Wasn't, the Fear of the Three Seasons—wonderful for joggers and snow-shovelers despairing for skiers and snowmobilers (but disastrous for winter businesses).

The anxiety among those who make a living peddling winter is now acute. Already the normal halfway point of winter has passed—yet there has been no winter. Business losses so far of up to 40 per cent

Quiescent skiers dampen brown slopes

three years. Items in a study of Henry One Mount granular for Quebec hills have supplied for a wide variety of businesses, from food and clothing manufacturers to retail outlets and tourist operators. "Recent southern Ontario ski resorts report a sharp decline in numbers this year, while Mont Orford in Quebec's Eastern Townships hasn't sold a single ticket all season. Every outlier from Seba to Tobique-Baker reports severe slumps in winter sales and some are wondering if winter's return is enough. But it is not. The snowmobile shows are flooded at low—like the ski makers, who report clear roads mean bigger sales (for Canada, for example, has sold nearly 1,600 more cars and trucks so far for the winter).

But for the business hurt by the winter of discontent, one remedy proposed by a resort-area restaurateur is almost too hard to contemplate. "We'll need snow every day to the end of July to recover the losses we've endured. It's going to be in the millions. Otherwise, someone is going to pick up the tab." July? Well, a little. Think of the snowmobile manufacturers: the gift courses. **Gary Dolson**

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"It like to go underground between books," explains author **Shelia Hawn**, whose most recent book, *Overload*, has proved his most successful with more than 1.5 million in paperbacks in print. Though he has talent and Canadian citizenship, British-born Hawn, 89, is now content to live in Nanaimo, which has become known as "Shelia's South" in the wealthy Canadian beachcomber whose "cottages" face the sea. Recently, wife/author **Shelia Hawn** made quite a splash as the local nominee as the first woman to MC the annual Red Cross Ball. "She was great, telling off-color jokes and everything," beams Hawn. Readers of Hawn's books in 50 languages shouldn't hold their breath waiting for his next one.



Minorelli and Hawn: wibble and jiggle



word-titled yarn. "I'm retired," he says. "I'm not saying that I'll never write again, but I've seen too many authors wait too long to reap the rewards." Not to worry—Hawn just sold the TV rights to his 1985 novel, *Hated to risk*, which plans to make it into a mini-series.

Why do eligible bachelors decide to get married? "For love, for children and the joy of living together," explains 32-year-old sex slave owner **Bob Rae**, Broadway-Greenwood, who plans to marry longtime girl-friend **Arlene Perry**, 30, five days after the election. Rae and Perry spent their first date watching the returns from the 1998 U.S. presidential election. "People are friends for a long time and suddenly realize they're in love," Rae says. "Maybe the same thing will happen with the Canadian people and the sex."

Shelia and Arthur Hawn: underground

"It's a little bit of a drag-a-long, but I'm more organized than I look. My secretary helps keep me in order," says Academy Award-winner **Goldie Hawn** (Curtain Pleaser). Hawn has been keeping a low profile lately and concentrating on her family life with husband **Bill Hudson** (of the mugging *Hudson Brothers*) and her two children, Oliver, 4, and Kate, 5. On Feb. 19, TV viewers will have an opportunity to hear the famous giggle and see the infamous single as Hawn teams up with **Uma Thurman** for a musical variety special called *Goldie and Liza Together*. "I'm not happy just being an actress, or a singer or a dancer," says Hawn, who is going the way of **Barbra Streisand** on her next project, *Private Desire*, a comedy about a woman who finds herself in the U.S. Army like **Strindberg**, Hawn will

be starring in the movie as well as producing it—a handful for a woman who could barely keep her eye closed straight on *Louise*.

"It's a just pure emotion, everyday relationship between two people who love each other and are about to have a baby," says bandmate **Harry Hamlin**, 38, whose June-November romance with 40-year-old *Braveheart* actress soon to result in marriage, followed by a baby in May. The pair met on the set of the fantasy *Gods of Egypt* movie *Clash of the Titans* and they have been almost inseparable ever since, though Anderson spent Christmas alone in Paris with former husband **John Derek** and his multi-branded wife, **Sherry**. Since this will be Anderson's first child, concern for her health caused the couple to "take all of the prescribed tests" and

Hawlin: expecting a healthy baby boy



Hamlin told Anderson that the child is going to be "healthy, and a boy." Anderson says that she will be "very happy being a wife and mother" despite her late start. "It's a little unconventional," admits Hamlin, "but when it comes down to it, Canada might as well be."

Two years ago **Phyllis Diller** left **Al Waxman** to "find herself," and since then not a word has been breathed about whatever happened to the King of Menapour's widow. Well, California, however, has been busy working in theatres from Montreal to London, England. After performing in such "bizarre" works as *Wanted for the Parade* and *The Trojan Women*, she recently has surfaced in Toronto as a stand-up

man, 56, was released from prison in April, 1978, after serving an 18-month stretch for his role in the legendary *Watergate* affair. While serving as **Richard Nixon's** domestic affairs adviser, Ehrlichman helped draft policy for native rights and today he assists U.S. groups in unraveling government bureaucracy. The \$2,000 he marked the first time he has accepted money for anything involving native people. But, as Ehrlichman was quick to note, his post-*Watergate* legal job cracked "several million dollars."

It's no secret that British bands go over well in Canada—after all, *The Beatles* were known here weeks before **Rolling Stone** heard them. The same sort of thing

a two-hour show of telephone buster and fights about his favorite pet pees. **Phyllis Diller** and **Goldie Hawn** from *Manne* to *Regina*. While audience-participation radio has defined in most of the country, West Coasters will lose their talk and **Barbra Streisand's** voice as an opening day. "My exorcism missed a bit," groined Barbra. "If they had a real sense of humor, they would have sent me deadly nightshade."

The last for stardom tickets began at 4 a.m. in the bar of a hotel near the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Regular tickets sold out soon after the age and scapies were making three figures from ancient fans. All this because **Shelia Hawn**, the 40-year-old Swedish actress with the gorgeous rhotonic smile, had returned to sing **Richard Strauss's** grunting *Elektra* after a five-year absence. For her opening-night efforts she was rewarded with a 30-minute ovation. Hawn takes these things in her "simple country girl" style. Once, as *Yoko*, required to jump off a parapet onto a trapeze, she literally bounced back with an exorcism and a smile for the audience. But a simple country girl she remains. Having starred in several films with her interpretations of *Elektra* and *Selma*, Hawn now claims she wants to get back to being down to earth. In opera there are "too many mad women running around with cut-off heads."

The idea of taking up sex shots of North America's business elite on police headquarters walls seems undignified, but that is what **Paul Hader** would like to do. Last week the author-cum-advocate told the U.S. House of Representatives Judiciary subcommittee on crime that the FBI should start a 10 Most Wanted list for corporate criminals. "The chances of being sentenced to a prison term is 30 per cent. We will get a 10 Most Wanted list for bank robbery and get it 60 per cent for bank robbery," said Hader. In the interest of justice, Hader has introduced a monthly magazine, *Microscopic Monitor*, geared to improving the corporate "environment." In the first issue, Hader focuses on such Canadian issues as the *Michelin Tire* affair in Nova Scotia (Maritime's Dec. 17, 1978) and the Quebec government's moves to nationalize U.S.-controlled *Asbestos Corporation*. **Editor Jonathan Hader** explains that sex will serve as a much-needed watchdog on Canadian issues as the Hader is fond of pointing out, "Corporate crime is not an epidemic level."

Edited by **Martha Boulton**



Hader: risked crime, the standup comic

comic in **Phyllis Diller's** latest play, *Ante-Phyllis*. "In many ways I find stand-up more difficult than acting. It's like being naked," says Diller, 80, who has learned her lines at a local comedy club on another night. "I met the **Goodman Brothers** and they said the same thing. They went from stand-up to acting and they found acting easier." Later this month, Diller changes her comedic persona to play the *Jerry Holroyde* role in *Born Yesterday*. Diller says she has always wanted to play a "strong street character," but really she just "can't wait to be pleasant."

I must be the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians \$3,000 to have ex-convict **John Phillips** advise them "to dare to be radical, without being violent," at a recent banquet held in Regina. Ehrlich-

man is happening to **KTC**, an agency-New Wave quarter from *Braden*, *Whitby*, whose song *Melrose Place* for *Nigel* is shaping up the hit-parade charts. "We can't explain it," says *Braden* player **Colin McEwen**. "Maybe Canadian just have good taste." *Nigel* is about a young man whose parents are charting a career for him with British Steel and the song has raised the tide of the industrial compromise. It seems that a British "Nigel" is the equivalent of a *North American* "nerd." In a recent issue of *Short News*, the corporation defended itself as an underdog by having four employees named *Nigel* sing the praises of British Steel. "Steel," counters McEwen, "a lot of families are putting kids into jobs even they themselves wouldn't want."

Canada's original *Pat Line* radio personality, **Pat Burns**, returned to the open mike last week in Vancouver with



The flame flickering but not out

By Hal Quinn

The political winds swirling around the 15th Winter Olympics have blown debate into the backroom of numerous hot, despite gaining strength, they have yet to douse the Olympic flame. Flare and jagged from Mount Olympia to the unpopulated village of Lake Placid in upstate New York, the flame flamed, however, even before it met its first shadow on the artificial-snow-covered hills of the Games site. Global events of the past few months buffeted the Games to create stage, governmental historic replacing athletic performance as the Olympic standard, and transformed what was to have been a perfunctory pre-



were held in Lake Placid, making for the opposite. The charter states that the Games are awarded to a city, not a country, and since the city of Moscow did not invade Afghanistan, the beds, marjoranes, rajas, princes and noies of the IOC are not likely to see it Carter's way. The byword proclamation of the IOC that Games and politics don't mix was further diluted late last week. The IOC had decided that Taiwan would have to come up with a new anthem and flag for Lake Placid and Moscow after the committee granted admission to the People's Republic of China. But a New York State Supreme Court judge ruled in favor of Nordic skier Liang Rui-qing in his suit against the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee, and then the IOC. The judge ruled that the IOC had violated Liang's rights under the 1980 Amendment of the U.S. Constitution. As of last Friday, Liang had his flag, anthem and also The LOOC appealed the decision as the flame flickered.

And while Americans everywhere treated Canadians as if they were per-

sonal: leading the team with hopes for gold

sonally responsible for hiding, then spitting away, als Americans from Tetrax, Canada's beledders replaced of second-class treatment at the hands of their hosts (ignoring the more than 60 accidents on the refrigerated run, last week they said they weren't getting enough rides. In any case, the better-slept, 90-mph sport will be history at these Games, sport from its potential for mayhem at the Zip-Zag curve. Canadian Robert Wilson and American Willie Dawesport (1988 Olympic gold medal holder) and Jeff Gailley will be the first blacks to compete at a winter Games.

But for the 18-member Canadian contingent (pared to that number, including 28 hockey players, by a Canadian Olympic Association ruling that Olympians must rank in the top 26 in the world in their sport, the real hope at the Games rests with the men's downhill six team. Midway on Whistler Mountain, which snow machines have allowed to live up to its name, Ken Read, second in the World Cup standing, leads Steve Podbereski, Dave Irwin and Dave Murray in a race for gold. And the women's events will have a chance too after the recent fine showing by young (19) Laurie Graham. She'll be joined by Kathy Kneiser (gold medalist at Innsbruck in 1980) and Lori Klier. There's hope too in the speed-skating oval, with an eight-person team led by Sylvia Burka. The young ski-jumping team of Tessa Kayba, Robert Balce and Steven Collias has been shaking veterans' tempers lately and could also do well off the controversial jumping towers at Lake Placid. The figure-skating dance pair of John Dore and Loretta Wynne have shown promise and there is hope for skaters Heather Kamkar, Bruce Packer, Paul Martin and Barb Underhill. Yet the great experiment of the Games will be Father David Bauer's reinvigorated dream of an amateur hockey team: Canada has not competed in Olympic hockey since 1968, when Bauer's original national team won a bronze medal. The young, tight but fast team is grouped with the U.S.S.R. in the first round, but the key will be its game with Finland. The results of the re-experiment could be known after that match Saturday.

And so as the Taiwanese appealed, Ali taunted, Killam pronounced, Carter's deadline approached and the opening ceremonies ended, the athletes took to their skis, skates, luges and bobsleds in the shadow of the Olympic flame. But, given the climate, few could be warmed by it. ☐



Barker: a good chance on the oval of ice

Games meeting of the International Olympic Committee (IOC) into what its president, Lord Killam, termed "the most critical meeting since the ancient Games were revived in 1894."

As Muhammad Ali, the former heavyweight boxing champion, toured Africa in an attempt to rally support for U.S. President Jimmy Carter's summer Games boycott, IOC delegates (known to defend the Olympic charter)

Canada at the Winter Games

	Gold	Silver	Bronze
1924	1	0	0
1928	1	0	0
1932	1	1	2
1936	0	0	0
1948	2	0	1
1952	1	0	1
1956	0	1	2
1960	2	1	1
1964	1	0	2
1968	1	1	1
1972	0	1	0
1976	1	1	1

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GAY Impact

By Barbara Amiel

I begin with visibility. Weekdays around Toronto's St. Nicholas and St. Joseph Streets in the narrow streets running back from the road, couples could be seen strolling hand in hand—tight trousers, short hair and flamboyant raucousness. In Vancouver the less formal four abreast parade floats like Thelma's with the sign "I'm a GAY ENTREPRENEUR" passed at the door. In urban centres across North America one of the more noticeable social scenes of the 1970s became the confident emergence of the homosexual culture.

Some cities made it a matter of official recognition with 1979's Gay Pride Week in New York and Los Angeles and speeches by vice-mayors mayors in metropolitan gay crowds estimated as high as 60,000 or more. From detestation to a la mode in one fell swoop, by the end of the decade gay culture had come into its own with ready hosts like Toronto's Dundas bookstores like Glad Day, a sophisticated range of publications (*The Body Politic*, *Christopher Street*, *Blueboy*) and a hedonistic lifestyle exemplified by such sex palaces as New York's *The Mirror*, with its labyrinth of rooms, each reserved for enthusiasts of a particular sexual technique. Wrote Andrew Kopkind in *The Village Voice's* special section last June on gay life "We are present at the creation of a stage of society and a style of life that is unique in the world we inhabit."

But if the story of the '70s was the growing visibility of gay culture, the rise of the '80s is the growing impact of gay culture on heterosexual life and—more importantly—heterosexual values. In limited areas such as fashion, the impact has always been straightforward, with androgynous designers like



Toronto couple like, Alton, influence from the domestic now are a la mode

New York's Halston and Paris' Yves Saint Laurent long setting the design pace and homosexual minority roles long established as the places to check out next season's look for both men and women. *Elle* magazine editor Sherry Stephenson "Gays always seem to wear fashion first. Midnight lycra, baggy pants or the peppy look. I keep my eye on them to spot trends that become popular fashion a season or so after they launch them." In other aspects of popular culture as well, there was a directly observable link between what was new and hot in the frenetic homosexual clubs and bars of communities like San Francisco's Castro Street and what was fashionable in straight society a year or so later.

There was the perfect example "There came right out of the gay community, of course," observes Lucille Humphreys, professor of sociology and prominent author of a number of books on gays "and you can see the current roller-skating had more from the streets of Santa Monica's gay community into the mainstream. You could point to all sorts of styles from Ferner wader to miniskirts to clothing fads like polyester pants that have come out of the gay community."

But as homosexual tastes filtered into society at large, certain fundamental questions followed—just why there should be a direct relationship between sexual orientation and trend-setting remains mysterious. Says Ed Jackson of Canada's gay newspaper *The Body Politic*, "I suppose there is a link between the gay lifestyle which is generally free of family responsibilities and the freedom that allows to be more inventive and daring in taste. Others had a more political point of view. Explained Dennis Altman, gay essayist, author and professor of political science at the University of Sydney in Australia "The large gay concentration in the entertainment and media fields puts gays in a position to make trends and opinions—particularly those some of these people are not openly gay." Some theorists focused on why there was this predominance of homosexuals in the arts. Suggested Toronto theatre director and homosexual Paul Berlin, co-founder of *The Theatre Second Floor* and a lecturer in theatre arts at the University of Ottawa: "There have always been strolling players living on the edge of life. Thieves, players or homosexuals, you live outside. You learn to wear masks to fade and to play roles to hide behind. Perhaps this is why the theatre feels so familiar to us." What

all the theories ultimately shared was a sense, plausible enough, that homosexuality was the little geek—the pressure of being different—that put an entry edge on otherwise ordinary people. In a sense, it was a case of homosexuality as a whitening stone.

If any one event gave homosexuality its impetus and entry edge it was the Stonewall riot of June 27, 1969. On that summer night New York police went out to raid an after-hours gay bar called Stonewall Inn and, for some unaccountable reason, instead of meekly filing into police wagons, the patrons decided to barricade the doors. Those nights of street demonstrations followed and from those beginnings came the gay rights movement. “The critical incident,” says Harry Adas, professor of sociology at University of Windsor, “was the onset of the 1960s with blacks and women demanding rights. Out of this came Stonewall.” With numbers and organization came strength—both economic strength and the political clout of a pressure group. The cultural impact was inevitable. Businesses discovered the gay market. Publishers began bringing out books aimed at gays including a special series at St. Martin’s Press knitted up by editor-author Michael Dwyer.

With a visible gay culture came the distinctive look of gay-influenced restaurants and boutiques. Fixing down the gay quality was often difficult—it had something to do with the “hectic eclectic” cluster of fairs and 1980s photographs and retro design and, most of all, with the element of surprise. It was influenced by the pop art that was so dominated by gay artists like Andy Warhol and David Hockney. It was influenced by “camp,” with its love of the outrageous, which could transform the really awful into the almost marvelous, which could idiosyncratically the revealing red shoes of Judy Garland in *Oz* and the buxom of the grandiose gorilla camp was a quality that both dissonant and protected its followers from reality—prosaic, whimsical and stagey. It was this gay-camp-pop sensibility with its juxtaposition of everything with peasant Southern or farm that determined the “beat” of whole areas like Toronto’s trendy restaurant Queen West. Whether the areas were actually created by gays or discovered by them was irrelevant. The influence of gay-camp pop art was there and the ambience drew gays. “Camp down to Queen Street,” said director Paul Bettis, “is like going to a friend’s or wandering cottage.”

But the greatest effect of the gay rights movement was to give homosexuality the fashionable title. Ten years earlier, gay themes were either satirical, as in Mark Crowley’s 1968 play, *The Boys in the Band*, or sensu-



MICHAEL Dwyer

tional—which accounted for the *Variety* headline of January, 1969, HOMOSEXUALS FLAM IN FRANK—sensate visions now took service referring to a spate of movies (*The Killing of Sister George*, *The Fox*, *The Servant*) about the dreadful things that happen to people with sexual maladjustments. It took 200 to add current homosexual themes to the mainstream. In theater this resulted in the debauch-schmooze, sword-wound *Best*, the Broadway play that uses Duchas concentration camp as a setting for a love story between two homosexuals restricted to making love through verbal play.

One Radio weighed in with six hours of programming, on the high-lined FM series *Adam*, titled *Being Gay*—whose PhD seriousness underlined for some listeners the irony of the nomenclature “gay.” (Bill, out of the several hundred letters the program received, fewer than a dozen complained about the

straight men out for show of gay clubs in Vancouver: *Re Mix* the wedding shows

choice of homosexuality as a salubrious tape. “Most people,” says program assistant Susan Crawford, “congratulated us on dealing so sensitively with the subject and wanted to know even more about homosexual lives and values.”

“Gay themes are really terrific,” echoed one Hollywood television producer. “We’d just done a couple of hand-scrapped shows and then we got into this whole gay problem thing. Everyone was looking for scripts with a sensitive gay treatment.” Over at MTV productions, producer Gary Goldberg had come up with *The Last Resort*, another sophisticated sitcom in the Mary Tyler Moore tradition. In an episode called *Gayfriends*, a lesbian character is introduced. “We’d done a lot of controversial shows,” explained Goldberg. “We had a



Gay bookshop, James Farmer, Richard Gere, David Marshall Grant in ‘Bent’, and tacky

new show where one of our characters falls in love with a man and they have a relationship—can showed that to censored clergy—and then we did the gay show and CBS had gay groups take a look at it. The matter of that reference to having scripts vetted by committees of special-interest groups indicated the new authority such themes had. Now that homosexuality had progressed from an abomination to a married one, the purveyors of mass culture seem so intimidated by it as they once were by the Women’s Christian Temperance Union.

As the topic of homosexuality received more and more currency in entertainment and media circles—with novels like Marc-Andre Beaulieu’s *Nights in the Underground* concentrating solely on a lesbian theme—it almost



Bright colors, hard a whorl of High Tech. (Below, from left) Hockney, Warhol, Bill, ‘vigilante’ around where culture curves’



BETTY CARROLL

seemed as though being homosexual was the being a homophile, a sign of belonging to some especially sensitive elite. "There is a feeling of being part of a very special group," says editor Dennis, "of having a sensibility that, well, in the end reflects the Mart Crowley line. It takes a fairy to make things pretty." Author Laurence Sanders took it one step further: "I think the gay sensibility fosters creativity and innovation. If you look at the people who are sign-post people around whom culture takes its course, they are nearly always gay." Certainly it appeared that every litera-

ture of Montgomery Clift and Tyrone Power) and not a few autobiographers and essayists (Christopher Isherwood, Charles Reich, Rod McKuen) were keen to reveal homosexual identities. For the most part this reflected the prurience of the mainstream culture whose insatiable appetite for gossip and reveal detail had long been a staple of best-seller lists. It also confirmed that homosexuality, far as its visibility, was still pretty much a man-bite-dog syndrome — just far enough removed from general experience to make it newsworthy.

But while most people could come to terms with the influence of gay life on style, unhappiness began to surface over the question of just how much homosexual values were influencing society. Combative American intellectual Norman Podhoretz raised the question in 1977 of a link between some attitudes of homosexuality and hostility to American middle-class values. Drawing on the writings of the homosexual intelligentsia from the 1880s to current works of gay authors Gore Vidal, James Baldwin and Allen Ginsberg, Podhoretz drew attention to what he saw as "a generalized contempt for the middle-class or indeed any kind of heterosexual adult life." Social critic Samuel McCracken, assistant to the president of Boston University, took aim at what he viewed as the total absence of any critical analysis in the spite of writing on homosexual culture. "The slavish acceptance of such phenomena as the craving promiscuity, the advocacy of 'boy-love,' male-masochism and the 'refusal [of social constraints] to draw the line,'" argued McCracken, jeopardized some of society's basic values of personal morality.

The values attributed to homosexual influence were familiar: narcissism, self-absorption and the supremacy of personal gratification — the very qualities that Tom Wolfe had pinned on the '60s Me Generation. There was little argument about their existence from the gay community — only a slightly different focus. As Michael Denness put it, "Self-release and self-enclosure are the major values of gay life." Nor was there much cynicism about modern, impersonal sex. "It's the most efficient way to deal with sexual needs," claimed University of Toronto associate professor of sociology John Alan Lee, author of *Getting Sex*. "I don't think anyone is monogamous anymore," mused Denness cautiously. "We're inventing new models as that serious relationship can exist in the framework of casual sex — if such generalizations can be made." Regulated Toronto psychiatrist Andrew Malcolm: "It makes sense for homosexuals to think in these non-traditional terms when the use they are inclined to make of their biology precludes a future commitment to children."

It is clear that the gay life, with its sophisticated hedonism, has raised troubling questions about the commitment of its followers to such traditional values as a stable society with some interest in its own future. Some spill-over of homosexual influence into heterosexual culture have already been seen. The old *Concubine* baths in New York, in which gay men pleasure and enjoyed the anonymous pleasure of orgy rooms and a handful of sexual partners a night, have today become Plato's Re-

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dress the heterosexual owners' perspective with notes of matriculation and related caution. Frustrating about its end-line conclusions. But it is far more questionable to blame the changes in the general social climate as heterosexual influences.

The truth is that society itself was changing long before the emergence of the homosexual culture. The contraceptive pill, the increased role of the state in taking care of the infirm or the elderly and the technological advances that made it possible for women to leave the family and go to work, all started heterosexual culture moving in the direction of gay values.

As Denny put it, "One of the reasons society is looking at gays" with respect with fidelity and casual relationships is that the two-virtue heterosexual marriage faces a lot of the same problems as a gay relationship."

The qualities of courage, self-sacrifice for the future and value on protection, the current decline of which Podkosta mourns, have been increasingly viewed as at best tedious and at worst destructive. They survived longest in gay culture—in the movies of John Wayne or James Bond until even Bond became self-destructive. Wayne died before he could.

It is not that homosexuals changed society's fundamental beliefs. The general acceptance of gay culture is a signal that our fundamental beliefs have been changing. And, in a deeper pattern, the emerging culture is encouraged and reinforced by the very opportunity to create above ground. Meanwhile, the total "sanctuary for middle-class values" that is seen in the philosophy of many homosexual intelligentsia might well be attenuated if and when heterosexual society decides to tolerate homosexuality fully. What would happen then? On the other hand, there is a tendency to throw out all the values of the opponent.

Paula Monk, 33, a knitwear designer and illustrator, and her husband, advertising executive Howard (48), of New York, Japan, Mexico, Italy, and elsewhere Toronto townhouse with its print-decorated walls, and a mobile existence which allows Paula to turn thumbs down on nine-to-five work and Howard to quit his last job in search of a more challenging agency. Neither, it another city townhouse, still retain all critical lawyer and homosexual enjoy his original art collection—a large Becko hangs on the upstairs dressing-room wall—and the mobility that enables them to take several holidays abroad each year. Their values and values are nearly identical. All that separates them at this point is that, unlike Paula and Howard, the lawyer cannot yet bring himself to reveal his name. ☐

Gay style—why it's everywhere

By Lawrence O'Toole

The truth is that, really, today, said a spokeswoman to the culture in a popular Toronto restaurant. Dressed by Brooks Brothers and rapped by the contemporary climate of Gay Street, our man in the culture wearing his cap may not have known that today's used to be almost the sole proprietorship of homosexuality to describe something tedious. Now it has become a currency as another phrase of gay phrases—just of the closet. Our man may not have known either that the colors and contours of the entire

Dress, design, ways of spending leisure time—all these things are elements of style, and style is a means of presenting oneself to the rest of the world—an advertisement for the self. Most self-conscious because of a minority taste (Kinsey's estimate of 10 per cent of the U.S. population is homosexual), gay style in the '70s, with male and male people coming out, was very much in evidence—and new. Anything new in a decade so ravenous for rapid change was easily assimilated into mass style. And mass style is always reinforced by a select few. In this case, the role of the gay community, which would be looked into the history of the world. The result was a dramatic devaluation of the gay stereotype, since it was now becoming part of a straight style that was reshaping its own reality.

The gay stereotype of the past was de-



Toronto's gay restaurant (left): guests at a Calgary fashion show (right) make a statement.

ment, above and beyond all else, being freed by intensely the help of Victorian periodicals. The extravagant choice of clothing, which was also defined by the gay community, long waits and longings. But now, as the style of the past is passed by gays or straight as a par for the course of the winding eye. Suddenly, it is a reality in possible to determine sexual self by what people wear: how they spend their time and money, or by occupation. The line between masculine and feminine, given the androgyny of fashion in general since the '60s has been blurred. The aphorism that being a heterosexual is no guarantee of being a gay, and that being a straighter is no guarantee of not being gay. Style has become a lower, optional and, most of all, interchangeable.

A Toronto gay boy, The (Barn) who did invent from any straight one who men



community and crossed over into the straight lifestyle. The perfect example of that was the phenomenal renaissance of disco by gays and its success thereafter in straight society. One of the largest selling disco groups of 1979, The Village People, were originally gay-dressing and straight lyrics celebrating the gay lifestyle as embodied in Key West. Part of the "the old man" looking at the disco and seeing the navy to cruise sailors. At the grandest disco in North America is New York's gay Flamingo where, if a disco catches on, it is destined to become a hit nationwide. The Flamingo's extremely diverse what the bits of a multimillion-dollar industry will be in Grande discoes originally intended as gay dance places such as Vancouver's Palace and, Los Angeles, and Toronto's Shogun. Couldn't it be the straight style?

The first flash of inspiration that came with the gay exception inevitably found itself being into the previously patterned straight line. The gay men's welcoming hotel of which New York's Manhattan is the prototypical group of gay community is the Flamingo. The gay, says Carlton,

has a detached view of society, and that detached, ironic distance from things becomes increasingly appealing to straight in the increasingly changing and cynical '70s. It is because of the vibrant openness of change by the media that leads, from so fast which accounts for the understate impact: gays have had no contemporary impact. Several years ago when male designers, putting up an style when they gay brought in the art and "disco" look, gays had already begun to change the way they dress. The men's and women's look. The "Gothic Street" look, named after San Francisco's main gay drag was in, torn jeans and T-shirts, cowboy accessories, leather, super-short hair, extremely limited beards and mustaches. That look was not only a rejection of the straight, but it's dying out in the gay world. Says The Body Shop's Ed Jackson: "There is a re-evaluation going on in the gay community about the image it wants to project." Vancouver designer Glen Long says, "I disagree in men's self-image and men's image about the tough gay approach." I mean in New York are wearing older clothes and more clothes. Peter Carlton claims, "Even the hair is coming longer. Gays are becoming aware of the possibilities of a stable lifestyle." This view is not to dismiss the synthesis of the current straight style.

The irony in all this is, as Carlton puts it, that the gay "can reproduce straight style more consciously and even better than straight themselves." That detached view, ironically again, has made it possible for the gay style to become straight. The gay and the gay money made from the influence of gay style down, both in gay body business or business. Others don't dispute.

where men look male and perceiving. Some see a suggestion that the boys will enjoy each other as much as the beer that night. In an ad for a hotel one man says another casually. Two couples in a liquor ad make erotic eye contact, one of the couples is male. In a tv ad a man gets into an elevator and crushes another. An invitation to buy underwear reads: "rather unambiguously, 'Join a family of men! From sex to sharing sex, under a shot of water dripping at ripping muscles. Another, urging readers to purchase the gay style of underwear. A few bare chests of straight, people, shape-showing, muscular in soft light-colored cloth. There is more than alteration there. In the male as being sold as an erotic object, it seems frankly silly to reduce the pitch to one gender.

Terry O'Malley of Victoria and Toronto's Toronto says the gay market is "not significant," but he does admit that there is the influence of gays who have worked in and around the business, and exert an influence, say, probably wouldn't notice. "The style of gay men and gay men and the male market is not gay, but it is gay, which suggests that a 'gayness' is likely to pervade even especially for male attire. "Gay. Like the word itself, has stepped into the consciousness of the millions of men's advertising, fashion. And while homosexuality may not be accepted in all quarters, that doesn't mean its style is not.

Mothers here gay style had a more profound impact than in men's fashions. "Gays are more aware of their bodies than heterosexuals," says one of Peter Carlton. Since there's a more concentrated competition in the gay subculture, gay men are more drastic in their self-expression. But now, he points out, the emphasis on heterosexual freedom and look at what in the future has subdued somewhat in the gay

community and crossed over into the straight lifestyle. The perfect example of that was the phenomenal renaissance of disco by gays and its success thereafter in straight society. One of the largest selling disco groups of 1979, The Village People, were originally gay-dressing and straight lyrics celebrating the gay lifestyle as embodied in Key West. Part of the "the old man" looking at the disco and seeing the navy to cruise sailors. At the grandest disco in North America is New York's gay Flamingo where, if a disco catches on, it is destined to become a hit nationwide. The Flamingo's extremely diverse what the bits of a multimillion-dollar industry will be in Grande discoes originally intended as gay dance places such as Vancouver's Palace and, Los Angeles, and Toronto's Shogun. Couldn't it be the straight style?

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Religion

That old white magic

By Constance Brissenden

Like any ordinary 18-year-old girl, Tamara James had to deal with all of the onerous tasks that go with puberty and early adolescence—including the perceived need to conform. "I just couldn't stand being different from the other kids anymore." And in her case the difference had a difference: she was a practicing witch, carrying on a way of life taught her by her grandmother. So one day she stood on a bridge in her home town of Victoria, B.C., and unconsciously dropped her robes, marine burner and book of rites into the river below.

Then, for four years, she sought answers in the more orthodox religions, dabbling in Christianity and Judaism as well as the Eastern philosophies before returning to her roots, to Wicca, and taking up its practice once more in earnest. And now, at 23, Tamara James is the high priestess of the newly formed and legally sanctioned Wiccan Church of Canada, whose "charter" is the back issue of an esoteric book, poems and paraphernalia store in downtown Toronto. Its adherents are witches of the "white" variety: there are about 60 regulars who are, in turn, part of a Canadian movement of perhaps 1,000 in a North American movement with a conservatively estimated membership of more than 40,000. While such numbers hardly indicate a wholesale return to the "Old Religion" of our Celtic, Saxon or Teutonic ancestors, they do tend to confirm that paganism, recently and warily suppressed for a thousand years by Christianity, has scarcely been debunked by the scientific revolution, is alive and beating. The Wiccan Church, in fact, recently won the right to enter Catholic parishes and reformatories to minister to its flock.

Wicca ("wise one" in Old English), or Paganism, or Neo-Paganism as it is sometimes called, is a religion of many gods and goddesses, with Mother Earth, the protector of fertility, and the Horned One, protector of the hunt, the two most dominant figures. Until the 18th century it existed fairly well



with Christianity in northern Europe and the British Isles. Then it became a heresy and by 1750 or so at least 900,000 of its practitioners had died at the hands of the Inquisition and its equally brutal Protestant counterparts.

Which accounts, at least in some degree, for the fact that even today most Wiccans live in secret, anonymity, and some have even changed their names to protect their families. Last fall in Vancouver, the townsfolk became upset when a young man formed a local group, on television, of protesting "black magic," thus led Fred Lachna, a 30-year-old Vancouver angler and Wiccan adherent, to try to make things right, because "they were saying that you couldn't let your children walk the streets and that witches were sacrificing children in Gastown." He later regretted his decision. "I've been threatened with losing my job as a result of the publicity. Some sort of educational process is needed, but sometimes the hassles aren't worth it." On a more basic level, the day after Tamara James and her husband, Richard, a TV lighting technician and high priest, opened their occult store in Toronto last May, somebody tossed a brick through the window.

In a society that's still afraid of the dark, it's hard for Wiccans to explain their rites and practices, their white magic, is totally removed from black magic and Satanism. Not even The Wiccan of On, juxtaposing the Good Witch of the North with the Wicked Witches of the East and West, did much to dispel the notions. Nor does it seem to matter that many of the trappings of Christian are pagan-inspired, or that the annual Maypole dancing is no more than an ancient phallic symbol and fertility rite.

But if Wicca isn't fermenting with the Devil and that sort of thing, what is it? Another term for white magic in the Dark Ages was "curative sorcery," and that, along with an enhanced empathy with all nature (which has attracted ecology activists to the field), seems to be the basis for it. Reincarnation, at least according to Margaret Adler's just-published study of the phenomenon in the United States, *Drawing Down the Moon*, is more or less optional.

In fact, it appears that one of Wicca's attractions is that so much is optional. Unlike the majority of the post-3000 B.C. cults and sects, Wicca is nonsectarian, religiously tolerant, even down-

right casual in its approach. It also has the virtue of being non-sect, although a number of the 30-odd covens floating around the U.S. right now are debating whether the Goddess is or is not the superior goddess. Whatever the case, Wicca is certainly not male-dominated. "In nature," says Tamara James (who trained her husband after they were married), "there's a balance between the male and female. I looked for that in other religions, but I always had the feeling something was missing. Then I realized it was the Goddess who gave balance to my beliefs."

While much of its "theology" may be suspect ("Those who seek here for a mystical profundity hidden from common men will find it vain," wrote British critic E.M. Forster of the Wicca movement), its "rituals" and "treatments" medically questionable, modern paganism seems to have developed an earnestness—despite the knife-wielding, circle-drawing and arcane language aspects of the rituals. When, each Sunday, Tamara James traces out the "paths between the worlds" with her copper dagger, the followers who join her within may be robes, as she is, or in jeans, or in three-piece suits. In the midst of the ceremonies, they can and do break off to tell jokes, discuss problems, sip wine and eat a little "sacred cake," a traditional concoction of wine, flour and honey.

If witchcraft hasn't put itself off the blessed beach and put itself into the mainstream of North American life as a full-fledged religion—Tamara and Richard James are still seeking the right to perform weddings, or "handfastings," that are legally recognized—it is gaining some legitimacy. This June, in Helen, Georgia, there's going to be a conference, attendees by ungranted invitation. All priests and priestesses are expected to be there. ☐

Tamara and Richard James in full attire. Ogle, doing business with occultist Ted Hartzel, nothing wicked this way comes.



Building anew now the big buck's gone

The most recent new downtown Windsor has to offer is the Detroit skyline across the river. The truth is that the greater part of Windsor's downtown is worth only a very short visit. In the language of architecture, the downtown is not a "people place," despite any number of studies prepared over the years by accountants of specialists. Early this month, however, a fresh, better-than-never look was

apportioned, newspaper advice columns or other devices that attract attention—and clients. But now, with tough times and a tight construction market everywhere but in the West, provincial architectural associations are actively seeking publicity and redoubling the role of the architect. Projects already under way are planned for this year include advertising campaigns in British Columbia and Ontario to promote the

boom 10 years ago, the energy wasn't there from either the architects or the community. The energy is there now." So, too, in the time.

In the past 10 years the profession has settled into economic stagnation. Instead of building office and apartment towers, schools and government buildings, many architects, especially those just entering the profession, have been forced to apply their design talents to smaller, less lucrative creations—houses, additions, renovations. Some architects have developed new skills in landscaping, even interior design. The big buck, except for the few architects at the top of the field, is gone. A recent consultants' report to the federal department of industry, trade and commerce shows that real billings have fallen 34 per cent over the past decade.

Paul Collins, president of the Architectural Institute of British Columbia, says a trend toward architects initiating their own work of art. "I see the architect more as the developer/entrepreneur who will establish a project and think it is almost to be a financial success," he says. John Prostko, vice-president of the Nova Scotia Association of Architects, agrees. "It's becoming more and more difficult to survive as a single-discipline operation. If you can manage to interact with other disciplines, you are more likely to survive." He believes that architects in Canada have been overly influenced by conservative architectural attitudes from Britain. "The entrepreneurial architect such as you will find in the United States is just beginning to surface in Canada."

And just in time. The gloomy prognosis of the consultants' study is that *cutbacks in government spending, a sluggish economy and changing demographic factors* throughout the '80s "should result in at best, no growth and possibly negative growth for traditional architectural markets over the next decade." The choice is clear: Architects will have to diversify or go under. The study recommends that they expand into related fields such as planning, design, project management, energy conservation. It is also time for architects to redesign their own house. "Architects' acts and association regulations are restricting interprovincial and multidisciplinary practices from developing and are inhibiting to some degree the marketing of architectural services."

Equally important is the profession's almost nonexistent public image. It has done little, at least in a reforming sense, for the community. "The priority of the profession must be to strengthen itself," the study concludes. That, perhaps, is why five architects spent a long weekend in Windsor. Warren Germond

Novick in downtown Windsor: long overdue

architect, 16 workshops across the country to teach architects how to get financing and move into related fields such as land development and landscaping, and free storefront advisory services in shopping malls in British Columbia, Ontario and Nova Scotia.

The idea of the Ontario project is that cities, towns and architects get together, no strings attached, so that in the long run all will benefit. "The city gets a lot of free advice and the architects get a lot of good publicity," says Windsor architect David Novick, one of those responsible for starting the program, the first of its kind in Canada.

Jack Klein, a Toronto architect and chairman of the project (called *Co-Operatively Assist for an Urban Study Effort*), says architects have always had a sense of social responsibility. "But as far back as this idea might have

Success's excesses

A German bomb pounded the south of England. Dr. Howard W. Florey, in the quiet Midlands town of Radcliffe, gave a patient an experimental drug called penicillin. It was a final attempt to treat a small facial cut that had mysteriously turned into a festering mass which left other doctors baffled. The patient died, but only because Florey's supply of penicillin ran out and, before it did, 34 hours of dramatic recovery had Florey his years of research had been validated. With fresh supplies, he successfully treated 100 more patients in the following weeks and, 30 years ago this month, gave the world the first of what has become a family of thousands of life-saving antibiotics.

However, the family has become so large and complex, and taken on such powerful proportions in the minds of the public and perhaps even some doctors, that it is breeding problems like so many penicillin-resistant bacteria. The medical profession's growing concern surfaced last month when a study reported in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* showed that antibiotics, especially penicillin, were wrongly used in more than one of every three children at the University of Manitoba's Children's Centre hospital in Winnipeg. The most common error was prescribing antibiotics when they simply weren't needed at all. The two Winnipeg doctors who produced the report, Dr. Deborah Lewis and William Albritton, said their results confirmed similar studies done in adult hospitals.

While antibiotic drugs have given mankind virtually foolproof protection against a host of common ailments, which when used to be fatal—pneumonia and epidemic spinal meningitis among them—the widespread belief that they can do little harm is a disturbing one. Dr. Charles Prober of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, co-author of an editorial that accompanied the Winnipeg study, says that side effects occur in about five per cent of patients and include nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain and diarrhea every bit as uncomfortable as Montezuma's revenge. Allergic reactions can become potentially a dangerous when the drugs taken away from a hospital where immediate treatment can be provided.

What has both doctors and laymen



Childhood and daughter: a second opinion

also worried is that antibiotics frequently can be obtained without a mature having been taken and tested in a laboratory to determine whether antibiotics are really needed. Sometimes the drugs are obtained by a simple phone call to an overworked physician who makes a judgment call, sight unseen. Pediatricians especially, says Prober, are pressured by parents to provide "shots" for their sick children. "There's never a time," he says, "when you can make a diagnosis over the telephone of a bacterial disease or prescribe an antibiotic that is appropriate."

When Amy Choudhury, an Ottawa

Prober: parents putting on the pressure



will servant, took her daughter, Hilary, to the emergency ward of the Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario for treatment of an eye infection, she became upset when a doctor prescribed an antibiotic without first having a culture taken. Realizing what he should have done, she went to her family doctor who took a culture that, in the end, confirmed that the prescribed antibiotic was the right one. "Maybe I shouldn't have been concerned," she says, "but my personal experience has been that most of the time lab tests haven't been done before a prescription is made."

Dr. Donald McLean, professor of medical microbiology at the University of British Columbia, says he always takes cultures to ensure that bugs are identified before antibiotics are prescribed to chase them. He adds that he wouldn't take antibiotics himself except for well-diagnosed and serious infections. Yet antibiotics are often prescribed for adults, even though they are known to be ineffective against viruses. As an example of their overuse McLean cites a British study in which neurosurgeons—after administering a raft of infections despite extensive antibiotic prophylaxis (giving antibiotics to avoid possible infection)—briefly stopped using antibiotics altogether and surfaced their operating rooms. Within weeks they found there was a rapid decline in infections.

However, says Dr. Richard Goldblum of the Insular Walter Killeen Hospital for Children in Halifax, a doctor confronted with a child with a disease and fever and the reasonable possibility of a bacterial infection may have to use his clinical acumen to start antibiotic therapy immediately because "It's risky not to." Then he adds, "The hardest thing for any physician to do is to do nothing."

Carl Edgar Law

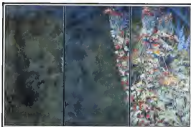


Cutting edge in Calgary

By John Bentley Moore

Throughout the '70s, pioneers had to put up with unprecedented misuses and put-downs. They were denounced by critics as hopelessly wedded to old-fashioned ideas. They were criticized as fashionable jewelry-makers by workers who valued their traditional skills, virtues and performance. And they had to go through the dimming experiences of watching some of their own crew jump ship after realizing that the venerable art that began in the Stone Age had finally become old hat. Despite these setbacks, the pioneers have not only survived but have also managed to boldly vent on painting, print and board or stretched cloth—and the results, collected and assembled in a show called *Aspects of Canadian Painting in the Seventies* on view until March 26 at Calgary's Glenbow Museum, are strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubters that the art of the 1970s is slower than light and still a Canadian.

Organized by Curator of Art Jeff Spaulding and Assistant Curator Peter White, *Aspects* brings together works by 19 artists painting in Canada during the past decade. But even for times now



place, the paintings have little in common the variety of styles, subjects and ambience they display is formidable. Among the paintings of recognizable images, for example, Gauthier Pail's huge *Lion* or *Three Pears*—smoothly painted grass and a cascade of sunflower flowers—stands in contrast to Paterson Brown's magnificent *Born Over Water*, where nature depicted as barely painted, deeply gouged plywood. Eric Pusch's fine *Reefcoral*, roughly rendered in a style reminiscent of 'primitive' or folk art, should be compared with Tim Zuck's *Reef* and tags, so neatly painted that they verge on pure abstraction.

These and other figurative paintings are among the chief joys of the show. The subjects (from Shirley Williams's toy train wrecks to Geri Carmo's five-

Gambie's 'The Confrontations' (part); Spalding
Ford's 'Lawn in Three Parts' (it's also

speed (Grisse likes) provide relatively easy ways into the deeper problems the artists are exploring in their works—those old, enduring problems of color, design and construction. But most of the pictures Spalding and White have chosen are not so easy to enter. They invite you right into their complexities without offering you the stepping-stone of a familiar image.



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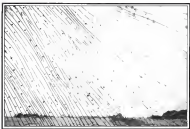


Photo: Courtesy of Peter White

are two elegantly striped canvases by Saskatoon artist William Perekhodoff, two beautiful and energetically madcap works by Toronto-based David Soloduk and Erik Garabik's dark, chromatic fantasy entitled *The Countess*.

Looking for a principle of unity in this fundamentally pluralist show is a mistake, as Spaulding says. Aspects "makes no claim to be either representative or comprehensive." Right of the 19 artists are based on southern Ontario and six on the East Coast—but only one (Christian Koudas) is Quebec and only two (Palk and Perekhodoff) farther west than London, Ontario. Other oddities: the street painters left out (dash, dash, dash), Gertrude Kowetz, Yves Gaschen (the son of polished pros such as Bowen) and new newcomers (Daniel Rhyt, Michel Fernandez). Quibbles aside, however, Aspects drives home an important point: that throughout a decade when many considered painting well-nigh extinct, painters in Canada were creating works of genuine daring, force and intelligence. Spaulding and White, in this eccentric and frankly argumentative exhibition, have made this rather unprovable point seem completely obvious. What one may not also realize is just how many other plausible improbabilities are tucked away in the *Gleisbow* Museum.

The current centre of these odd goings-on is, unquestionably, the art department. Until about 18 months ago, art at the *Gleisbow* meant a visit by a travelling show or an exhibit of frontier painting drawn from the museum's own collection. If you drop by this month, however, you will find it one corner of the huge Special Exhibition Floor, an amalgamation of very fashion-photo blowups by Toronto performer artist David Buchan. In another, a gathering of works of avant-garde Max Ernst that has brought critical attention to

'Weaver Over Water' plausibly improbable

the *Gleisbow* from across Canada. Right next to front, you will find Aspects, and next to that, a display of book and magazine illustrations by the 19th U.S. artist Charles Langstaff Hall, selected from the *Gleisbow's* collection by Peter White. All these exhibits are strong, sharply focused and cohesively crafted.

The two reasons for the sudden greening of the art department are Spaulding and White. Spaulding, 34, took the job of art curator in August, 1978, following studies and scouting stints at the Art Gallery of New South Wales and the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. Even scuttler was the pre-*Gleisbow* experience of White. An ex-Globe and Mail sports and arts writer, he had only spent a few months as a curatorial assistant at The New Museum in New York City before going to Calgary, a month after Spaulding. One might presume that two such green curators would be a bit nervous. But not Spaulding and White: within only a couple of months of arriving they had launched an ambitious series of art lectures featuring Canadian and U.S. critical writers.

Encouraged by the interest shown in the lecture series, they went on to craft the current season's impressive list of exhibitions and a lineup of appearances entitled *Presentations in the Arts*—half over now and a sequel by any yardstick. Among others, enthusiastic Calgary audiences have seen The New Museum's director, Marisa Tucker, lecture on the art of performance; David Buchan play his fictional entertainment act, *Lamarque Del Marre*; and U.S. performance artist Laurie Anderson, with her deconstructed voice, acting out her history in story, song and parable. Coming up: New York super-artistic Robert Pris-

on-Wright, composer/nauseum Philip Glass, and Newfoundland artist Christopher Pratt (or Christopher Pratt). In short, a series that would be the envy of a city six times Calgary's size. "It was another creative risk," says Spaulding. "But committed, interested audiences are turning out. Not just a small club either—we are getting new people at every event."

Contrary to Eastern Canadian prejudices, however, the art stars featured in *Presentations* are not being washed into Calgary on a tidal wave of petrodollars. According to White, the budget is only \$15,000 (which includes transportation and hotel, of which \$7,000 will come from the city-linked Calgary Eugene Arts Foundation and much of the rest from ticket sales. Far more important than money is the close cooperation between the museum and its director, Duane Cameron, to Spaulding and White—who, with clockwork-like speed, have brought the *Gleisbow* its current reputation as a national centre of innovative arts programming.

Such innovative huckstering might only have been possible at a place with the peculiar backdrop of the *Gleisbow*. It all started as a glass in the eye of Eric Harvey, a lawyer who became suddenly and fabulously rich in the Alberta oil rush of the late '60s. Wealth seemed to bring out the punk rat in Harvey, however: living strike and his death in 1973, he and his mistress gathered thousands upon thousands of books, artworks, Indian, African and Mesoamerican artifacts, precious furniture and objects, mass of minerals, minerals specimens, stuffed animals and birds, and assorted widgets and oddments—most chosen on the basis of what struck his fancy. "He didn't trust professionals or academics," says Chief Curator Rick Demayco, himself a perfect example of the self-taught man. "He just wanted to pursue his hobby."

Most of Harvey's hoard went to the *Gleisbow-Alberta* Institute in 1986 but found its permanent home before the advent of Alberta's new Art Gallery Museum in 1986. Though Harvey did not live to see the opening of the palatial *Gleisbow*, his massive spirit lives on there. It would be hard to imagine any other place where are found, peacefully coexisting, a museum of slowly rotating art of the Crown, a four-story kitchy extravaganza of acrylic and aluminum that, every half-hour, lights up and sings clear its love; and the splendid Aspects show. Eric Harvey would probably never admit to admitting the *Gleisbow's* current museum being promoted by Spaulding and White—his flint his art lawyer. But, one feels, he would advocate the high-spirited eccentricity and paucity of his art collectors, and approve. ☐

Films

Capracorn rising



HERO AT LARGE
Directed by Martin Davidson

One once, a time-back when just about every Hollywood movie was a manufactured fairy tale that could have begun, "Once upon a time..."—a fellow named Frank Capra turned out a string of hits that redefined the American Dream. In *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, in *Mr. John Doe* and *It's a Wonderful Life*, Capra presented the experience of a good-hearted self-made thrust into the limelight by accident, unaccompanied by cynical city slickers, hostile publicity, twisted a twist and finally redeemed by an act of heroism or divine intervention. The critics called him Capraesque, and it was about as believable (not very) and persuasive (very) as any well-odd fairy tale. But, whipped to a froth by Capra and played to the hilt by stars like Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Jane Arthur and Barbara Stanwyck, these movies made for entertaining cinema.

Capra went into hiding for a decade or two, as Hollywood mawled the nightmare side of the national dream, but recently it has returned with a vengeance, with heroes like Rocky Balboa, Kermek the Frog, the boys of *Breaking Away* and that all-time schmoopiest optimist, Clark Kent. Now John Ritter, a true all-American boy (out of cowboy star Tex Ritter, former student body president at Hollywood High, veteran of the Disney studios), has a go at it. In *Hero at Large* he's an out-of-work actor who's hunked by his landlady, ignored by his agent (those telephone ac-

knowing tape says, "Hello, this is Marty Fields. You want to know if you got any work? The answer is no") and abused every day by Manhattan's over-sized cold shoulder. But his back-home good nature, awareness all and when—downed in a mid cage and rights to advertise a movie called *Captain America*—he throws a grocery robbery, he becomes an instant hero fighting crime, social injustice and tooth decay. From there on, the A.J. Carewheer script (he used to write Disney films) is pure Capraesque—happy, brave, please, and so on.

Anne Archer, who is herself the daughter of Hollywood actors (John Archer and Marjorie Lord, who played *Gunsmoke* TV wife), is our hero's copy-cat girl-friend. She has about 10 dinglers and laugh lines around her mouth and works every one of them to death. Otherwise, the cast does what it's supposed to do: manipulate you into feeling okay. Ritter, who is the star of *Three Men in a Boat*, is under control here—an engaging, inventive comic-maniac star. And a gang of familiar supporting actors (Drew Carey, Kevin McCarthy, Harry Belafonte) fill the dots of a picture any moviegoer could complete for himself. *Hero at Large* elicits a few laughs, a thrill or two and a climactic basket of tears. The experience is like going to a massage parlor and finding that your business actually enjoys her work.

Richard Corliss



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The loneliness of the long-distance runner

By Alan Fotheringham

The signal that Joe Clark was actually going to win the election last May came one night in a hockey rink in the Toronto bedroom retreat of Oakville. The packed arena had been sufficiently warmed up by the noisy Terry campaign band and the little cheerleaders were sweating. At a particular moment there was a sudden shifting of focus and there was a stir at one end of the arena. The man they were to anoint as prime minister in some three weeks was about to enter. It was the first time in the campaign Joe Clark had ever had the effect on a crowd. You could sense the anticipation to grasp body language. This was a pre-cooling.

It's not exactly comparable, but the most poignant moment of this campaign came one night last week in a high school gym, of all unlikely Terry places, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. A tired Pierre Trudeau, who started the day in Calgary and would end it back in Edmonton, checked to the arrival of campaign-fund jets, stood on a stage while a choir of more than a dozen young boys—dressed in those mock-adult uniforms that Prairie people inflict on their young, red leisure suits and black turtle-necks—launched into O Canada.

But the boys in the red leisure suits laughed into O Canada in French and, once he realized what was happening, it was almost impossible to describe the look that spread over the face of the Pierre Trudeau who, allegedly, had to be dragged back into this campaign. In 12 years of watching the noisy man, I have never seen such obvious joy on his face.

Here, in the home of John Canby, phenated Canadianism's Eldest, was the proof that it could be done: this inflexible man's dream of portable bilingualism. Bearing (and Pierre Trudeau does not beam easily) as the as they roared forth in his own tongue, the country's most famous single parent gained fondly at the younger bear. John Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

who were about the age of the three he left at home, the ones he had promised to move to Montreal but then had to ask for a three-year reprieve on the promise.

In that snapshot of emotion, at the base of the Dixie cult, an observer seemed to detect in the cool Trudeau the instant realization that the renaissance was worth it after all, that out here (where "they" think of me either as a French or a German," he said bitterly when he resigned) there might indeed be some hope. It was a moment that



made this whole mess seem worthwhile. The cheeks were wet on more than one of the slightly cynical scribbles of the press benches. The next day, he was back in his armor.

To say that Pierre Trudeau is a strange man is, by now, a trite appellation. He sits on his campaign jet, Air Canada Charter 009, alone in the window seat, second row from the front. The two front-row seats folded down to accommodate his feet. The 009 does not have a separate first-class configuration for him—an early decision to eviscerate the reputation of airplane. So he sits among the mass, a psychic space repelling all boarders. Four seats vacated. On the seat to his right is the box of such his sweet tooth requires. He reads. He guesses out the window as we leap provinces in a crazy pattern, slaving for TV exposure in the selected ridings that are lucky enough to own runways that will encourage a 009 bearing the future PM from the winter skies and 80 camp followers of the press and TV and



radio who treat after him but are not allowed to touch, not allowed to speak, not allowed to question.

It is ironic, really, in the imperial age of U.S. presidential politics, as isolated Carter or Kennedy travels in independent splendor, the two animals of the press in their own aluminum cocoon. The buffer zone, the DMZ, is well-defined. On the Trudeau plane, there is physical proximity but intellectual asphyxiation. The media mountains tumble on,

the grabby paparazzi, the meat-and-potatoes wire service men, the phone-vocal network formers, the stately pundits, all dutifully shuffling past the holy ground of window seat, second row.

He does not nod, he does not acknowledge, he does not speak. Shuffling pasters to the rear. The hunters and the hunted, trapped in a silver cage, pretending the other does not exist. He opens his briefcase and reads. He goes out into the Canadian night.

On the Clark plane, the PM dons his yellow Ferry Corps cardigan and venturates down the aisle in a painful imitation of camaraderie. He chats, sips a drink, rings his hands to the rancorous rock inflated by the zoo animals and, his quota fulfilled, retreats. On the Broadbent plane, which is going nowhere, it is constant disco in the sky, an unbearable escape. On 009, the speech writers, the language-handlers, the sound men, the renaissance, the biographers, the personal secretaries, the political strikers, the hand-holders—in all, some 20-strong—form a Magnol-Less in the seats between the animals and the lone noisy muncher.

His revenge on our rejection of May 17 to become double day in the strategy of his handlers. He has, a man who has had it was from the opening day, been recommended to Packaged Politics. So he sits, concentrating only with the window. A loner all his life, the man who is about to be re-named as Laurier was, seems most of all—now lonely.

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